

The Listener

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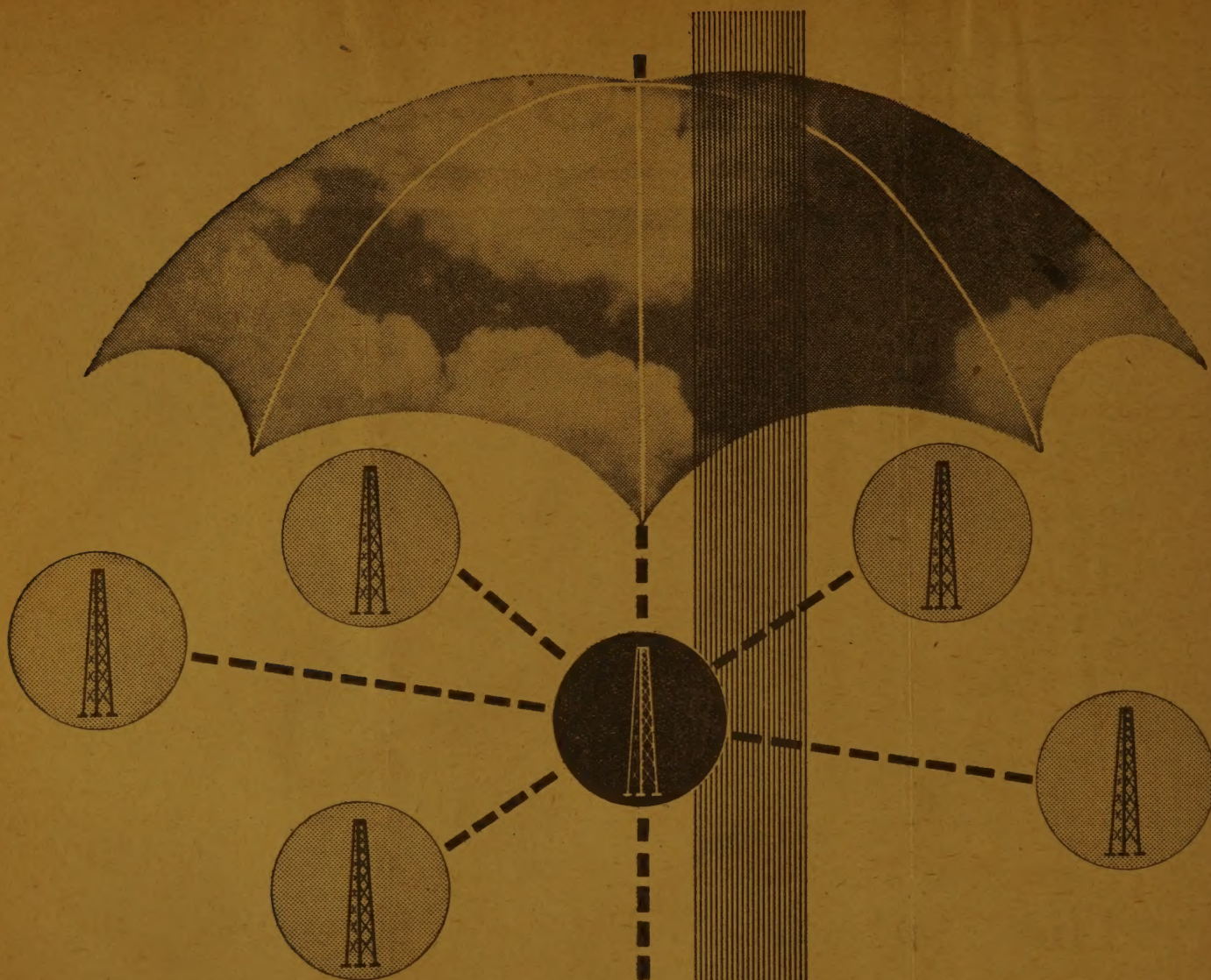
The Town Hall, Oslo. H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh are making a State visit to Norway this week

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The Pattern of British Exports (Andrew Shonfield)

The Poetic Process (W. H. Auden)

Artists in Seventeenth-century Rome (Michael Jaffé)



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The Listener

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The Pattern of British Exports

By ANDREW SHONFIELD

ONE of the better-kept political secrets of our time is that the Conservative Government really does have a distinctive trade policy, though it is much more liberal than traditional tory in its bias. Briefly, its policy is to restore complete freedom to exports, to give up the effort made in the period following the war to pour money down, and to rely on the rise in the volume of our exports to pay for the extra cost. This raises a number of important political issues, but so far the only people who appear to have taken any serious interest in them are academic economists. One of them, Harry Johnson*, recently used the Third Programme as a platform for his view that we are already exporting too much, and that we ought to impose strict limits on our imports.

I want to take up his argument about exports and to suggest that the trouble is not that we have been trying to sell too much, but that we have been trying to sell in the wrong places. In particular I believe we have been placing far too much emphasis on the markets of the declining Commonwealth countries. They are of less value to us than is generally believed. Indeed, they may, by the attraction which they exercise on our export salesmen, positively divert us from more fruitful activities. If Mr. Johnson's doctrine might be called Mr. Butler in reverse, mine is Lord Beaverbrook in reverse.

The substantial point, on which Mr. Johnson's whole thesis about the unimportance of the export drive was based, was the evidence that over a period of years, however much we sold, the actual purchasing power of our total exports varied remarkably little. If we shipped a larger volume of goods abroad, an adverse movement of world prices would tend to rob us of a large part of the fruits of our extra labour and

sales. Conversely, in times like the early 'thirties, when the volume of our exports dropped, we were still able to buy what we needed, because world prices moved in our favour and the purchasing power of each batch of manufactured goods that we sent abroad increased. This correlation between the volume of exports and the terms of trade—that is, the ratio of import to export prices—was shown in detail in some calculations by Mr. Johnson's colleague, R. L. Marris.

The subsequent dispute, in which Professor Cairncross† argued the orthodox case for more exports against Johnson and Marris, still left the fact of this correlation over long periods of time largely intact. Professor Cairncross was concerned chiefly to unbutton the simple causal nexus alleged to exist between the volume of British exports and the terms of trade and to refasten it again in the reverse direction. It was not the increase in exports, he said, which caused the terms of trade to move against us, but the movement in the terms of trade which affected the volume of our exports. A rise or a fall in the prices of the commodities that we import obviously influences the incomes of the people who depend on these commodities for their livelihood, and therefore the amount of British exports that they can afford to buy.

The point that I want to make is that, whichever way the causal nexus in fact works, Britain seems to be caught up in it nowadays much more securely than any other big trading nation. The alleged rule that you cannot increase the real purchasing power of your exports by very much, because as the volume rises prices move against you (either of the things that you buy or of the things that you sell), certainly has not applied to our main competitors in recent years. The facts are these. From 1950 until the end of 1954 the volume of British exports

* Talk printed in THE LISTENER of March 24

† Talk printed in THE LISTENER of May 12

rose by less than five per cent. Over the same period the United States increased its exports by a little more than thirty per cent., and the countries of western Europe taken together by around forty per cent.

Comparison between Britain and the United States as trading nations is complicated by the fact that the American terms of trade move in a different manner. The Americans gain if export prices of manufactured goods go up, but as exporters of foodstuffs and raw materials they lose if the relative prices of these things go down at the same time. The industrial countries on the Continent of Europe are much more like Britain in this matter, though there are some important individual differences even here. But by and large the imports that they buy are dear when our imports are dear, and the prices of our exports also tend to move in the same direction as theirs. Over the past couple of years or so the correspondence between the two happens to have been extremely close; and these happen to be the years that tell the important story.

Slow Recovery from Slump

By the beginning of 1953 world markets had settled down again after the wild fit which followed the outbreak of the Korean war, and the relative prices of food and raw materials on the one side and manufactured goods on the other had come back to about the point at which they had stood before the war in Korea. The terms of trade for western Europe as a whole, as computed by the O.E.E.C., were almost identical with those of the United Kingdom both in 1953 and in 1954, improving markedly at first and then getting worse again towards the end of last year. Yet the exports of the Continental countries expanded sharply in both of these years; the changing trend of world prices made no noticeable difference to the pace of their advance. Meanwhile, British exports were making a very slow recovery from the slump which followed the Korean boom; and it was only last year that they overtook the level that they had reached in 1950. The Continent's exports by this time showed an increase of two-fifths on the 1950 volume.

That result owes something to Germany's exceptional growth during this period; but not as much as is generally imagined. The French, the Belgians, and the Swiss each managed to achieve an increase of between a quarter and a third in the volume of their exports between 1950 and 1954. None of them had any special selling advantage such as the Germans had when they returned to their traditional markets in the nineteen-fifties, after a period of enforced absence. These countries were breaking fresh ground—as were also the extraordinary Dutch, whose phenomenal rate of growth during this period was second only to the Germans'. Their exports, which were already substantial by 1950, rose by a further two-thirds in volume in the subsequent four years. The comparison with British exports cannot be dismissed, as it sometimes is, by saying that the Continent was still on its first post-war wind, while Britain, after having gone flat out, was in the process of getting its second wind. Most of these countries had, like Britain, already achieved a big increase in their exports by 1950.

It is clear, too, that they were not held back by having favourable terms of trade. There is no sign here of an iron law of prices which determines the volume of exports of an industrial country as such. If it is true, nevertheless, that such a law applies to Britain, then it must be due to bad luck or to bad management, and cannot be blamed on to a conspiracy of natural forces against us. What is important in all this is the evidence that some countries are able to increase the purchasing power of their exports—the total quantity of imported goods which they are able to command—by very large amounts. They have managed somehow to get off the moving staircase where Britain stands pushing a vast bundle of goods laboriously upwards, while the price escalator keeps moving it downwards again.

Can we not get off the staircase too? I believe that the escalator only works in this peculiarly vicious way against this country, because we have chosen to make ourselves excessively dependent on export markets in a group of primary producing countries, which are at an intermediate stage of development. The markets of the independent sterling area, like Australia and India, have two important disadvantages. First, they are especially vulnerable to fluctuations in the prices of one or two commodities. We have just seen how a moderate fall in the world market price of wool has produced a balance of payments crisis in Australia, and a new set of import cuts which fall especially severely on British goods. The second disadvantage of these countries as export markets is that although their economies are expanding fast, the main effort tends to be directed, at this stage at any rate, towards the replacement of imports rather than towards the further development of exports. Indeed,

it often happens that countries in this intermediate stage of industrialisation find that their normal exportable surplus of traditional products is diminished. Argentina and Australia have both had this trouble in recent years. In Soviet eastern Europe the traditional surplus of food for export has disappeared altogether. In some measure, this trouble seems almost inevitable when the process of industrialisation is pushed so far that labour is drawn off the land in order to support the new industries in towns, and productivity in agriculture does not rise sufficiently to make good the difference. This is, of course, the problem which Khrushchev is battling with in Russia at the moment.

These factors go a long way to explain why the three areas which have been caught up in this process of transition from agriculture to industry—the independent sterling area, South America, and the Soviet bloc—have proved to be such disappointing export markets in recent years. (During the immediate post-war period it was different; but then both the sterling area and South America were living rather recklessly on reserves accumulated during the war.) I admit freely that the sterling area is a much better bet as an export outlet than either of the other two. But the amount it can absorb is, at present at any rate, much more limited than the markets of the industrially developed countries in western Europe and North America. It is here that the big expansion in international trade has been concentrated in recent years. Since 1950 the imports of the continental western European countries have increased three times as fast as those taken by the sterling Commonwealth markets as a whole. And the great bulk of these additional European imports has consisted of goods supplied by one west European country to another. These imports have been predominantly of an industrial character. Here, indeed, is one of the striking features of international trade in the nineteen-fifties: that the new business has been chiefly inside the two main industrial regions of the world, North America and western Europe, combined with a large increase in the volume of goods shipped across the Atlantic to South America. Britain has shared fully in the latter movement, but has not shared outside the development of intra-regional trade on either side of the Atlantic.

It is sometimes suggested that the rapid growth of trade in western Europe, in which Britain has failed to participate to any significant extent, is largely a matter of taking in each other's washing, with little or no real value to be shown for it at the end. The truth is different. Continental western Europe is an important source of supply for Britain in food and of certain raw materials. Indeed, it is a notable fact of the last decade or so that while the traditional surpluses of food have been diminished in many of the agricultural countries, the industrial countries have managed to increase their output of food by considerable amounts. They have done this in many cases with less labour, by the application of modern techniques to agriculture. Thus there are several new surpluses available in western Europe today, like Sweden's unexpected surplus of wheat for export, and though we are already a very big customer of continental exports of all kinds—bigger even than the German market—we could buy still more food from western Europe if we wanted to do so.

German Enterprise

The Germans, on the other hand, sell considerably more than they buy to Continental countries. They have made a speciality of rich, tight markets with growing appetites for manufactured goods, like Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland. Anyone measuring market potentialities in terms of heads of population would no doubt regard these as pretty poor compared with the great prize of India, for instance. But he would be wrong. First of all, these little countries expect to use large quantities of imported goods and are not always thinking of ways of keeping them out by tariffs, while building up a protected industry of their own to replace them. Secondly, they are more dependable markets: they are not knocked sideways by a sudden movement in the world market for a commodity in which they are interested. Their economies have gained strength and resilience through the diversity of their exports. Thirdly, they are growing fast, and their extra wealth tends to be translated directly into an extra demand for imported goods.

Oddly enough, German exporters, who have benefited greatly from their concentration on these west European markets, tend to complain about it and to cast envious glances across the Channel, where they think that the unfortunate British are supposed to be exploiting their near monopoly of trade in the broad markets of the sterling area. To an extent this is simply a hangover from the nineteen-thirties when international trade was stagnant, and the aim of each one of the industrial countries was to carve out a preferential trading area for itself, with which it could exchange manufactures against food and raw materials. Britain

icularly successful at this policy, and Germany tried to do the same by diverting its exports from their normal outlets among the developed countries of western Europe—where trade was especially difficult—and pushing them in what they regarded as the 'semi-natural' areas of South America and south-eastern Europe. It was only a difficulty that Germany managed to hold its own in the struggle for international trade during this period, whereas Britain undoubtedly benefited from the privileged position built up for its exports by the imperial preference system and the financial arrangements within the sterling area.

But times have changed. It seems that economists, following the example of military strategists, tend to go on fighting the peace before the war. The iron law of exports really did work with remarkable accuracy, Mr. Marris' calculations show, during the nineteen-thirties, when the imperial forces of expansion in international trade, which operate now, were in abeyance. Then the only thing that was likely to start a small movement going in the sluggish trade channels between the nations was a change in commodity prices, raising or lowering the purchasing power of the non-industrial countries. In the nineteen-fifties new forces have asserted themselves and it is not only that the tempo of trade is different, but its whole direction has altered.

The trouble, as I see it, is that Britain has not adapted its commercial policy to this change of direction; and that is why we have benefited less than others from the expansion of world trade in recent years. We have been taking too little interest in the markets of western Europe on our doorstep, where a positive and fruitful effort is being made to increase the volume of trade. It is here that the creative work is being done, through such bodies as the European Coal and Steel Community and the O.E.E.C., whereas if we look out at our own sterling area we find tariff walls rising up higher all around us.

The danger with any point such as I am making, with its obvious political implications, is that it lends itself too readily to exaggeration. So perhaps I ought to make it clear that I am not suggesting that we should try to sell less to the sterling area. At the moment we export about £1 of goods to western Europe for every £2 that go to the sterling area. I believe that the £1 market can be increased a good deal more easily than the £2 market, and that the reason why it has not been so far is in large part an inadequate sales drive in western Europe by our exporters. It is in this sense that I mean they are too wrapped up in the sterling area. The sterling area is a nice backyard to have, but that ought not to blind us to the fact that there are prettier flowers for picking on the common at our front door.—*Third Programme*

Behind the Revolt in Argentina

By GEORGE PENDLE

AFTER all the recent news about President Perón's quarrel with the Catholic Church, it would be tempting to assume that the recent revolt was just another phase in the dispute. But that would be an excessive simplification. General Perón has a number of enemies in different quarters. Their failure to overthrow him in the past has been the result, to a considerable extent, of the fact that they are to be found in so many varied walks of life. Indeed, Perón's opponents have little in common, except their dislike of his regime. Some of the wealthy landowners resent the manner in which—until recently—he favoured the development of new urban industries at the expense of the traditional cattle-raising and agricultural enterprises. These *estancieros* and their sons are Conservatives. Many middle-class businessmen and professional people dream rather vaguely of democracy on the North American model: they are Radicals. Members of the old-fashioned Socialist Party (which still has quite a following in Buenos Aires) are disgusted at the manner in which the President has used the bait of social reform and higher wages to attract workers into the Peronista Party. There are several hundred army officers who, in their forced retirement, have not forgiven Perón for having dismissed them because of his lack of confidence in their loyalty. Navy officers have long been jealous of the favouritism shown by the President—himself a military man—to the army. Finally, the Catholic clergy, militant Catholic laymen, and many women are disturbed by the manner in which the Peronista political doctrine has penetrated into schools and homes to the detriment of their religious faith. But the Conservative landowners do not like the Radicals or the Socialists, and the Radicals and Socialists are anti-clerical. The navy officers have not developed friendly relations with the United States and British navies, while the older army officers received their training in pre-war Germany. And so on.

Thus Perón's enemies are divided, and so, until now, have not conquered. The revolt has all the appearance of another failure in revolutionary unity*. The disturbances resulting from the Catholic quarrel seemed to provide a suitable atmosphere for the rising. But the hotch-potch of insurgents was up against three generally united blocs of resistance. The army (previously purged by Perón) cannot have contemplated sympathetically the prospect of disorder, or of confused attempts at democracy. The federal police—controlled by the tough Minister of the Interior, Señor Borlenghi—are a formidable Peronista force. And the powerful Trade Union Confederation is manned by eager Peronistas.

It is reported that the rebel radio station at Rosario (Argentina's second city) announced that the revolution signified a 'return to democracy'. But Argentina has never been a democracy, in our sense of that word; and even the political leaders who in the past proclaimed themselves as democrats did in fact behave much in the local tradition of the *caudillo*, the 'strong man'. I doubt whether 'democracy' can be a rousing battle-cry in these circumstances.

Nevertheless, the latest revolt is by far the most serious outbreak that General Perón has had to tackle. He must be anxious indeed to observe the damage that his enemies can cause to his prestige—and even to the building in which the presidential offices are situated. Until now, Perón has not been a dictator of the Hitler-Mussolini type. But it is possible that henceforth he may feel that, if he is to survive, he will be obliged to resort to much sterner repression. Should that occur, the organisers of this revolt will not be without responsibility for the consequent violence. Should the insurgents recover and triumph, I can see nothing immediately ahead for Argentina except a long period of confusion, counter-revolution, and an aggravation of the economic crisis.

—From 'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)



The scene in front of Government House, Buenos Aires, during the revolt

The Meaning of the Strikes in Singapore

By VERNON BARTLETT

NOWADAYS, on my way into Singapore, I make a point of driving past one or other of the premises where there is a strike.* The picture is much the same at all of them—fifty to a hundred workers at the gates, with rough tents or shelters under which they sleep, do their cooking and discuss their politics; a dozen banners calling on the workers in English and Chinese to unite; a couple of police vans on the other side of the road, and a few policemen, mostly Malays, hanging round discreetly in the background. Often these pickets are quite peaceful: sometimes they make nonsense of the laws governing peaceful picketing by squatting with linked arms right across the entrance to the factory, until the police move them away by persuasion or by force.

I would like to try to explain how this unhappy state of affairs has developed inside what is normally a most happy and cheerful colony. Less than three months ago, to its own and everybody else's astonishment, the Labour Front, a group of like-minded individuals rather than a cohesive political party, won the elections in Singapore: it was promised the support, on conditions, of a smaller and much more extreme group, the People's Action Party. Within a few days this P.A.P. had begun its campaign, which has become increasingly ruthless and bitter, to create confusion and chaos. Its policy closely resembles that of the Malayan Communist Party, before it was declared illegal in 1948, when its leaders fled to the jungle in the Federation of Malaya, where they still gather and make guerrilla warfare.

One needs to remember the whole time that Singapore is separated from the Federation only by a causeway and that the jungle there is so dense that a few hundred terrorists can keep a whole army busy. Events in Singapore must always be seen against that background of violence.

In one way the P.A.P. has a great advantage over the former Malayan Communist Party: there is now a Communist Government in control of the whole of the Chinese mainland, and most Chinese in Singapore, even those who were born there or who still support Chiang Kai-shek, have a sneaking and understandable pride in the fact that China, even a Communist China, has again become a very great Power. Nationalism and communism combined are a strong force in a colony where four people out of five are Chinese. P.A.P. has concentrated its efforts in the schools and the trade unions: how effectively it has done so we first understood some five weeks ago, when a lot of strikers picketing a Chinese bus company's depot were visited every day by a crowd of schoolchildren who stimulated them by songs, speeches, food and money. They varied this by jeering at the police, and sometimes by spitting at them. The strikers, in their turn, began throwing stones at the police, who acted with remarkable restraint and discipline. This co-operation between students and strikers culminated in the ugly riots of May 12.

By this time Mr. David Marshall, the Chief Minister, certainly had

no more illusions about the promised support of P.A.P. He is a likeable man, although more sensitive to criticism than almost anyone else I have ever met in politics. During his election campaign he made a good many definite promises, including the promise to abolish emergency regulations, in force ever since the last communist to gain control seven years ago. Once he got into power he appeared that most of the regulations were still necessary, but he has been understandably reluctant to use them, despite the increasingly obvious need of the emergency. There is a solid trade union movement, which has acted with considerable restraint. But P.A.P. has organised light



Police removing pickets from the entrance to a cement works in Singapore

strikes all over the place. Efforts at intimidation are common, and this is the place where assassination is not unknown for political argument. It does need a good deal of courage to stand up to the same kind of thing, but I am sure that once gained much notoriety in Chicago. In Chicago the men behind the strikes wanted money—they want Communism, otherwise there is very much difference between them. So the trade unions are for new strikes are formed and new pickets are posted to jeer at the police.

The picture is entirely a gloomy one. The Government has limited the size of pickets, ensuring that no more allowed to make inflammatory speeches.

strikers. A number of ringleaders have been arrested, and one of them was brought into court on a charge of possessing forbidden communist literature. This should help to make nonsense of the attempt to organize a general strike in favour of the arrested men, since their activities are nothing whatsoever to do with legitimate trade unionism. And, some of the prominent Chinese are overcoming their fear of intimidation enough to argue that there must be genuine reform in the Chinese schools. Some of these Chinese schools receive no money from the Government, because they accept no governmental control over what is taught in them. The result is that their students, in a colony where there is such a wide variety of races, are being taught a passive loyalty towards only one country, not to Malaya but to Communist China.

We certainly have our troubles, but I think it is important to remember that one cannot expect to introduce democratic government into a colony like this, without difficulties and some disturbances, which the communists have certainly taken the fullest possible advantage.—From 'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

Delegates from over thirty countries attended the twenty-seventh Congress of the International P.E.N., which concluded its meetings in Vienna on Saturday. The congress, presided over by Mr. Charles Morgan, had as its theme 'The Theatre as an Expression of Our Time', and among those who contributed to the discussion of this subject were Mr. A. Zweig, Mr. Ferdinand Brückner, Mr. Elmer Rice, and Mr. Philip Wallace (who, with Mr. John Lehmann, officially represented the English P.E.N.). The congress next year is to be held in London from July 8

Mau Mau on the Defensive

GEOFFREY GODSELL, B.B.C. special correspondent, on the campaign in Kenya

ON the road from Nairobi to the rich farming country of the Rift Valley, there is a place just before you drop down into the valley where you can pull your car in and enjoy the view at your feet. When I first arrived here there was a notice at this spot. It read: 'Warning. It is most dangerous to picnic in this area because of terrorist gangs'. The notice is still there, but the wording has been changed. It is now addressed to the terrorists and to would-be picnickers. It reads 'Terrorists beware of armed persons sightseeing'.

This change in wording sums up the change that has taken place in Kenya over the past ten or eighteen months. The Mau Mau terrorists are still there—perhaps 5,000 or 6,000 of them still in the forests—but they have lost the initiative and are now on the defensive. It has been a long, hard job for the Army and the police to get the upper hand. The emergency in Kenya was declared in two and a half years ago.

When the first British troops were flown out in October, 1952, they had to hold the fort, keep order in the African reserves until the Kenya police and the tribal police had been expanded enough to take over from them. That took about eighteen months, but it was not until the early part of last year that the Army was free to strike directly at the terrorists, or more particularly at their main source of supplies and recruits. This was Nairobi itself. From the start Nairobi had been the base and nerve centre of the Mau Mau movement. It was a place for getting together recruits, arms, ammunition, and medical and other supplies.

During 1953 Mau Mau supporters, mostly from the Kikuyu tribe, had been terrorising Nairobi with murders, armed attacks, and other crimes. In April of 1954 the Army moved

six battalions of troops into the city area, the entire African population was rounded up and screened, and 28,000 of them (more than half) were taken away as Mau Mau suspects. A strict pass-book system was introduced for the rest. The result is that there is now less crime in Nairobi than before the emergency. After the clean-up of the city—Operation Amber, as it was called—the Army continued to help the civil power to establish a firm hold on the African Reserves and to



'The Kikuyu have been forced to give up their scattered homes and to move into villages that they have had to build themselves': a new settlement in the reserves



Army patrol in the Aberdare forests, in search of Mau Mau. On the right is Major-General Lathbury, C-in-C., East Africa

increase security in the European farming areas adjoining the Reserves. By the end of last year there were far fewer murders of Europeans in isolated farmhouses, though Mau Mau gangs were still stealing and maiming herds of cattle.

When the new year came, the Army was free for another major operation. It had decided to go straight for the gangs in the forests. There are two main forest areas where they have their hives, both to the north of Nairobi. First, there are the forests on the Aberdare mountains, a range that runs roughly north and south and rises to heights of 12,000 or 13,000 feet; and then, facing the Aberdares and to the east of them, there is the forest round the lower slopes of the great snow-capped cone of Mount Kenya. On January 1, the Army launched Operation Hammer against the Mau Mau terrorists in the Aberdare forests, using nine battalions, supported by the Kenya police and tribal police units. These forests are very tough country for military operations. They are only a few miles from the Equator. The slopes of the Aberdares are rough and rugged, cut into steep narrow valleys by rivers and streams. On the lower slopes are tropical rain forest, often with thick undergrowth, and above this there is bamboo forest, with the tall, slender bamboo trunks so close together that they limit sight and movement. It was in this forest country that the Army carried out Operation Hammer during the first six weeks of this year, killing sixty terrorists and capturing four. Operation Hammer was the first big military drive against the Mau Mau gangs in the

forests, and it soon taught the Army the best way to operate against terrorists in this kind of country. It showed that it was better to scour or patrol the forests with tracker teams from fixed positions than to move through the forests in one great sweep. This patrolling from fixed positions was used in the offensive that immediately followed Operation Hammer. The new drive was called Operation First Flute, and this time it was concentrated across the valley in the Mount Kenya forest. Like Operation Hammer, it lasted six weeks and resulted in eighty-seven terrorists being killed in the forest; seven were captured.

Plan for Token Surrender

Shortly after Operation Hammer started (on January 18, to be exact), the Governor of Kenya announced new surrender terms for the terrorists. He said those giving themselves up would not be prosecuted for any Mau Mau offences—even murder—committed before January 18. A few weeks later some terrorists who had surrendered told the authorities there were many more in the forest who wanted to give themselves up. As a result, the Government established contact with some of the terrorist leaders, including one of the most important ones, Stanley Mathenge. It took a long time to gain the confidence of these leaders. Early in May eleven of them were brought under escort to Nairobi. On arrival they asked that arrangements should be made for a general surrender. Agreement was reached on a token surrender, to take place on May 18, as a prelude to mass surrenders in different areas in turn. But five days before this was due, the terrorist leaders went back on the agreement. The Government thereupon told them that unless the token surrender took place, as arranged, on May 18, the talks would be broken off and military operations would be intensified. Because of bad weather the time limit was extended for forty-eight hours. But the token surrender was never made at the appointed place.

At first light the next day the Army, with police co-operation, launched Operation Gimlet in the Aberdare forests. This operation has been going on now for four weeks, and some eighty terrorists have been killed so far.

The senior officials who took part in the abortive surrender talks are all convinced that the wish of many of the Mau Mau leaders to surrender was genuine. The Minister for African Affairs said he thought a large number of the rank and file in the forests still deeply regretted the way things had gone and still wanted to surrender. Nobody knows for certain why the mass surrenders never came off. The most widely accepted theory is that a group of the terrorists, led by Dedan Kamathi, who calls himself Overall Commander, was violently opposed to surrender and managed to impose their will on the rest. The Kenya Government has now announced that the surrender terms of last January will be withdrawn on July 10. Terrorists who have not surrendered by then will be deprived of all their land and rights in land. It remains to be seen whether large numbers of waverers will be influenced to surrender by this announcement. Since the terms were announced in January about 700 have given themselves up.

Life in the Deep Forests

The surrender talks that broke down last month revealed the strange world in which the Mau Mau leaders are living, deep in the forest. They have organised a life of their own under the supreme control of a Soviet-like committee, which they call the Kenya Parliament. (There is no evidence that they have any contacts with international communism.) Below this so-called Kenya Parliament there is a hierarchy of lower committees. They have their Ministers, even a Secretary of State for the Colonies in slavish imitation of the British Government, though ministerial responsibility seems to be subordinated to committee rules. The Mau Mau terrorist leaders have their generals and their field-m Marshals; they even knight themselves. Dedan Kamathi, for example, after rising to the lofty rank of field-marshal, made himself Knight Commander of the African Empire, and then, apparently looking for even higher honours, he dubbed himself Sir Winston Churchill.

The kind of thing they said during the surrender talks was: 'We can't understand why you haven't proclaimed martial law. Aren't we good enough?' But, in spite of this strange approach, the terrorist leaders who took part in the surrender talks struck the senior government officials who met them as extremely able in debate and very cunning. From the surrender talks the Kenya authorities obtained much useful information which has helped them to clamp down on the Mau Mau Secretariat, which apparently still exists in Nairobi, and on the

Mau Mau passive wing. The passive wing is the organisation in the African Reserves that supplies the gangs in the forests with ammunition, and other needs, either out of sympathy or out of fear.

From the beginning, the authorities saw that alongside offensive operations against the terrorists there must be efforts to keep control of Kikuyu in the reserves, most of whom, it is generally agreed, sympathised with the aims if not the methods of Mau Mau. On this way, the authorities saw, could the forest gangs be cut off from their sources of recruits and supplies. Close control was not possible because the Kikuyu traditionally live in scattered huts on their plots in the reserves. The Kenya Government has tackled this problem radically: the Kikuyu have been forced to give up their scattered homes and to move into villages that they have had to build themselves. These villages are now to be found up and down the whole length of the reserves, sometimes as many as six hundred round huts built along each road. In bad areas they are often surrounded by barbed wire, a deep ditch, fenced round with sharp, wooden spikes. Policing and patrolling is in the hands of Kikuyu guards and tribal police. A further barrier the Government is putting between the forest and the villages is a huge ditch round the slopes of Mount Kenya guarded by watch towers at every crest.

Loss of Initiative

This policy of hitting the terrorists in the forests and cutting off their food supplies has at last deprived them of the initiative: they have halved their total strength. A year ago they were trying to seize control of the Kikuyu reserves, and ultimately of Kenya, by force. Today their aim is probably survival, in the hope either of a miracle or of extending the Government by fighting on. A year ago the average size of a gang was between 150 and 250; today the security forces hardly meet one of more than thirty men and women. No gang has the power that it had a year ago; and the authorities have reached a point where they have recovered more firearms than have been reported lost. A year ago the terrorists were recruiting all the men they wanted; today they find it difficult to make good even a proportion of their losses. Yet, in spite of this improvement, Mr. Michael Blakeney, Minister in the Kenya Government and member of the War Cabinet, said the other day he expected no quick and easy ending to the emergency. What he foresaw was a gradual improvement, with occasional, though fewer, incidents. In the next six months, he said, there would be a gradual shifting of emphasis from the military sphere to the civil side.

One of the immediate problems on the civil side is what to do with the 17,000 people in prison in Kenya convicted of Mau Mau offences and with the 49,000 others held in detention camps as suspected Mau supporters. The Government has undertaken never to let the repentant members of the terrorist organisation return to the reserves, but official policy is gradually to try to reabsorb the rest into the ordinary life of their tribe and of the colony. The Chief Secretary of the Government has described this as a task of colossal size and of really prodigious difficulty. But, he said, Kenya could not face the post-emergency period with 500,000 sullen, dispirited Kikuyus; they must be given a chance to re-establish themselves. This was the gist of the problems that would flow over into the post-emergency period.

But, even with this problem solved, Kenya remains faced with many others—problems no less vast and of long-term import: the question of race relations, for example, of growing African nationalism sharpening African political consciousness; of constitutional development in the colony; and last, but not least, the problem of the Mau Mau on which the Royal Commission has just issued its massive report.

—General Overseas Service

The 1955 edition of the *Commonwealth Universities Yearbook* (Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Street, London, W.C.1, £3 3s.) is now available. Started in 1914 to provide information about the activities and facilities in each university for the benefit of its sister institutions in the Empire, this purpose has been greatly extended as the need for a comprehensive work of reference on universities in Britain and other parts of the Commonwealth has been felt. The present edition contains a number of new features: there are included, for the first time, entries for two important new universities, the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland at Salisbury in Southern Rhodesia, and the University of Rajshahi in Pakistan; there are entries also for two Canadian institutions, St. Mary's University at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and Assumption College at Windsor, Ontario; an introduction has been added to the New Zealand section and the scope of some of the appendices has been widened.

Law and Order

By BERTRAM HENSON

WE are justly proud in this country of our legal system—the incorruptibility of our judges, the high standard of professional honour governing the conduct of counsel and solicitors, and above all of what we call the Rule of Law. This last is meant that we are not ruled by rulers but by rules—by monarchs, ministers, or masters, nor by mobs, but by measures voted in parliament or argued in the courts of law from principles recognised in previously decided cases.

The chief merit of such a method of being ruled is that it is rule of reason rather than by arbitrary power—by the accumulated wisdom of the community on what is to be tolerated and what is not. Another merit of it is that we are judged by a rule of conduct recognised in advance and not improvised for the occasion. And under the Rule of Law we cannot be deprived of our liberty save on proof in a public court of law that we have broken one or another of these clearly defined prohibitions, whether of Statute or of the Common Law.

Legal Fiction

Our just pride in these features of our legal system tends to make us complacent. The supposition underlying the Rule of Law, namely that the law is known in advance of any alleged breach of it, is largely a fiction. The last persons in the community ever to be certain what the law is on any particular point are the professional lawyers; and it is this very fact which ensures them their livelihood; and for every man's opinion taken in any dispute there is always another on the other side flatly contradicting it. 'Ignorance of the law excuses no man' is an adage that had to be enforced with some disregard for realities in order to remove an immunity to commit crimes from persons enjoying many advantages of illiteracy.

When I was a law student I was always anxiously concerned with the families of those intrepid martyrs on whose blood is founded the Rule of legal learning. Take the Webbs, for example, and at random the leading case of *Lemmon v. Webb* (1894) Chancery Reports, 11. Their money went to enrich our law books with the realisation of planting a tree with its roots across the boundary of one's neighbour's land is a trespass, but to plant it in one's own land and allow it to spread its roots next door is not. After the establishment of this contentious distinction, were the Webbs, I wonder, ever able to send my to Eton, and did Mrs. Lemmon ever get that fur coat? For it does not follow that the damages and costs awarded to a successful plaintiff will be enough to pay off all his own costs, since there is an official called a taxing master whose job it is to see that they are not, though, if expensive leading counsel or 'silks' have been engaged on both sides.

Sometimes parties, and not by any means always rich business firms, are forced into litigation even without the compensating delights of a legal duel. The courts are not empowered to answer general or hypothetical questions. You cannot go and ask them what an obviously ambiguous provision in an Act of Parliament means. They have to insist that the words of a Webb or a Lemmon are squeezed to the utmost degree to make the cream of judicial wisdom, or its acid test. Thus county court judges today find the Rent Restriction Acts so confusing that they sometimes virtually order the parties to appeal so that the point may be settled. Unfortunately, the point cannot be finally put to rest save in the House of Lords, and this costs not only a great deal of money but a great deal of time. In a celebrated action some years ago a beetle alleged to have been found in a bottle of ginger-beer. A 'preliminary question' was taken: was there a cause of action?—what was the nature of the wrong, if any?—was it the kind of harm called a tort or was it breach of contract between manufacturer and consumer to sell ginger-beer minus beetles; or was the damage in any case, or the implied contractual relationship, too remote? A formidable and complex question which went to appeal and thence to the House of Lords; and when we come back to the judge of first instance, in the form of instruction on how to begin the case, not to end it, he found as a fact that there had been no beetle in the bottle after all.

In the main, however, the law can be regarded as known and easily knowable because in nine cases out of ten it is common sense, a fact which many an over-ingenious person, layman or lawyer, has overlooked to his cost. It is unavoidable, in a complex society like ours, that the law as a whole should be more than a single mind could ever master—unavoidable that many a Chancery judge has never seen the inside of a police court except from the dock; and a busy Old Bailey practitioner would be unwise to draw up his own will without consulting a solicitor—and the solicitor, too, without consulting his unarticled senior clerk.

No system of justice is worthy of that description nor entitled to be regarded as having achieved the Rule of Law in the fullest sense, unless two things are true of it: that there is not one law for the rich and one for the poor, and that the law is no respecter of persons. Of our boasted system of English law, neither of these propositions is true. There is one law for the rich and another for the poor, in so far as the benefits of legal redress are open to one man and denied to another by reason of a difference in their incomes; and the law is a respecter of persons, in so far as more respect is paid to the comfortably off than to the down and out. This latter point is brought out neatly by John Galsworthy in 'The Silver Box', in the scene before the magistrate: the poor man who is accused of stealing the box is described by the magistrate as 'drunk', while the rich young man whose box it was is smilingly described by the same magistrate as 'a little merry'. If you are rich enough, as an individual or a company, you can safely threaten a poorer man or firm with a court action, knowing that he will not, if he is properly advised, risk the cost of establishing his rights. An examination candidate, asked to state the rule in Shelley's Case—a famous leading case in real property law—once wrote: 'English Law is no respecter of persons; the rule in Shelley's Case is the same as in everybody else's case'. In theory he was right; in practice he was not.

It is true that today we have poor persons' legal aid, but the required degree of poverty is so low that only the destitute can qualify. And while many practising lawyers are alive to the need of drastic reforms in our legal system, in the matter of high fees their suggested improvements lie more in the direction of raising than lowering them.

Cheap Justice and Cheap Gin

'Cheap justice', said a learned judge, the late Lord Darling, 'has the merit of cheap gin—that many were better without it'. This conviction has always dominated the leaders of the profession. When next you visit the High Court, take notice of the Queen's Bench judge's black waistband before he takes his seat. You will see on one side of it what looks like a sash. It is the relic of an ample purse which in medieval times the judges filled with the fines they imposed; to ensure their integrity they were paid no salary but were allowed to keep the fines. You will see also that the junior barrister's gown—not the Q.C.'s—has attached to one of its shoulders an irregular scrap of stuff. This is the relic of what was formerly the proper repository of the client's fee; for a disdain of commerce, though not its practice in effect, was ever the mark of the professional classes who, in the person of the barrister, so far disdains this side of his calling, even to this day, as to neglect sometimes to return a fee when he is unable to conduct the case; and in earlier days he preferred that the client should drop it surreptitiously into the folds of his gown.

To ensure that they shall not be sued for negligence, as solicitors can be, barristers refuse today to accept fees at all, preferring to live on *honoraria* or tips, thereby avoiding, as though it were the plague, any embroilment in a legal contract—for it will be noted that among litigants there is always a notable absence of professional lawyers. But when some years ago they tried to persuade H.M. Revenue that a barrister was like a waiter in having no easily calculable or taxable income, the Commissioners applauded the ingenuity of the argument but did not fall for it.

Jack Cade said that 'no good ever came out of the law', and, for

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The Listener

What They Are Saying

The coming four-power conference

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

Royal Visit to Norway

IT is perhaps surprising to realise that in our democratic age it is dynastic ties that are responsible in a large measure for the deep friendship between this country and Norway. The State visit by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to Oslo this week takes place at the time of an auspicious anniversary in Norwegian history. For it is exactly fifty years ago that Norway attained complete independence after a period of nearly 600 years during which she was linked with other Scandinavian nations. And the Queen's great-grandfather, King Edward VII, played an extremely active part in the creation of the new independent monarchy. His third daughter, Princess Maud, was married to Prince Charles of Denmark who was transmuted into King Haakon VII and is still today, at the age of eighty-two, King of Norway. King Haakon refused to accept the throne until he had been confirmed as monarch by a plebiscite of the Norwegian people. For nearly fifty years he has been a constitutional monarch, and has witnessed many changes in the world. He has seen his country invaded, occupied, and overrun. He has been in exile. He has presided over several different administrations and has seen a Labour Government in office for many years. And he has watched the reconstruction of his country after the devastation of the last world war.

Norway is an unusual country with a strange history. She was fashioned by the Vikings, her period of greatness beginning in the ninth century with the conquests of Harald Fairhair, who is said to have sworn to let his hair grow until the whole of the country came under his rule. In the early Middle Ages she had a series of fighting kings whose strength was founded upon sea power. But when King Haakon V left no son and the Norwegian commercial fleets were out-built by the Hanseatic League, Norway as an independent kingdom disappeared from the map. First she was united with Sweden and later with Denmark. During the close of the Napoleonic wars, by the Treaty of Kiel, King Frederick VI of Denmark ceded Norway to Sweden, then under one of Napoleon's Marshals, Bernadotte. But now she was granted a constitution of her own which declared her to be 'a free, independent, indivisible and inalienable realm' with a national assembly or Storting. But the King of Sweden was also King of Norway until 1906. In the nineteenth century, Norway was reborn. It was a period of prosperity, expansion, and cultural achievement. It enjoyed the work of a great composer, Grieg, a great playwright, Ibsen, and a distinguished poet, Björnson. Thinking of 1814, Björnson wrote: 'I saw my little country rise like a morning after a night of distress'. The succession of King Haakon VII to the throne was the culmination of nearly a hundred years of peace and progress.

Norway is not by nature a rich country. Half of its length lies in the polar regions and Hammerfest has been described as the northernmost port in the world. Three-quarters of Norway consists of lakes, marshes, and mountains. Yet the country has attained a remarkable degree of wealth and social welfare, an example perhaps of what Professor Toynbee calls 'challenge and response'. The German invasion was a setback, after the nation had bravely resisted conquest by modern 'blitz' methods and experienced a vain but gallant British and allied effort at rescue, making imperishable the name of Narvik. Even at the price of peril she has never evaded her international responsibilities. She refused to submit to the Germans, and today is a member of Nato. The Queen's visit symbolises our respect for a gallant ally and close friend.

THE FORTHCOMING FOUR-POWER CONFERENCE continued to be a dominant topic in broadcasts from both east and west. Much publicity in Soviet home and foreign broadcasts was given to the statement attributed to 'authoritative Soviet circles' issued by Tass on the 'allegation' by Mr. Dulles that the success of the conference would depend primarily on whether the Soviet Union was willing to accept the solution of international problems in a 'new constructive spirit'. Remarking that Mr. Dulles had 'tried to cast doubt on the Soviet Government's sincerity', the statement accused Mr. Dulles and other United States statesmen of approaching the conference from the 'point of view of the 'notorious position of strength policy'.

Statements to the effect that the conference should discuss 'questions as 'the problem of the countries of east Europe', or 'activities of international communism' can have nothing in common with a desire for constructive results. . . . No 'problem of the countries of east Europe' exists, because the peoples of these countries . . . do not allow anyone to interfere in their domestic affairs. As to the question of 'activities of international communism', how would Mr. Dulles regard the raising at the four-power conference of, for example, the question of 'the activities of international capitalism'?

Ignoring the fact that, as many western commentators have pointed out, the question of European security could not possibly be discussed without confronting the question of the Soviet domination of the satellite states of east Europe, Tass went on to say that the four-power conference should discuss really urgent problems—among which he listed 'collective security in Europe'. The broadcast then revealed the Soviet Union's 'new steps' to ease international tension and continued:

If in these conditions, the U.S. leaders deem it right to stress that the U.S.A. has no intention of going to the conference . . . with constructive proposals aimed at easing international tension, but with some kind of concessions from the Soviet Union, this merely shows that not all people like the reduction of international tension started as a result of the Soviet Government's efforts.

American 'opponents of a reduction in world tension' were active in numerous Moscow broadcasts, which claimed that the cause of international mistrust were all owing to the west: 'U.S. encirclement of the peace camp', the armaments race in the west, and the imposition of artificial barriers to trade. The Soviet home publication, in a broadcast by Zorin, that United States propaganda suggestions that the four-power conference 'cannot yield any positive results' was designed to poison the atmosphere and undermine 'the enormous impression made on public opinion by the U.S.S.R.'s peaceful policy. Behind it were the United States monopolies which, to safeguard armaments profits, were anxious to prevent a real *détente*. To urge the conference be used 'for intervening in the internal affairs of the Soviet Union and the people's democracies and for denouncing communism' was to discredit the very idea of four-power talks.

Broadcasts from east Germany concentrated particularly on a plea for agreement between west and east Germans in order to ease the situation within Germany—for example, by 'closing down the arms and espionage centres in west Berlin', by 'eliminating war crimes from the west German administration', etc.:

If we co-operate thus as Germans, it will be very difficult for those who are not interested in bringing about the reunification of Germany to resist a solution of the German issue at the four-power conference.

Other east German broadcasts stated that the Soviet Note was addressed 'not only to Adenauer but to 50,000,000 Germans'. As for the Soviet demand that Soviet recognition of the Federal Government would depend on Germany's partition, it was ratification of the Paris Treaties which had done this.

The *New York Herald Tribune* expressed the view that the change of mood in the international scene was probably the result of the realisation by the peoples, including no doubt the Russian people, that a major war would mean race suicide, and continued:

The immediate test of diplomacy may be said to be its capacity to square the thinking and plans of men with the realities of the atomic and thermo-nuclear weapons. . . . This task will underlie the broad discussions 'at the summit'. The success with which it is met will determine much of what is to come, of good or evil, for the world's peoples.

Did You Hear That?

MEDICI PAPERS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

BRITISH MUSEUM has just acquired a number of papers belonging to the Medici family of Florence (sold by their descendants in 1880) which were formerly in the medical library founded by Henry Wellcome. BASIL TAYLOR spoke about these papers in *Radio Newsreel*.

The Medicis', he said, 'we chiefly remember are the first Cosimo died in 1464, and Cosimo's grandson, Lorenzo the Magnificent. We remember them above all for the support and encouragement that they gave to some of the greatest artists of the Renaissance, painters like Fra Angelico, and sculptors like Donatello. And there were two famous Medici Popes, Leo X, the adversary of Martin Luther, and Clement VII who was in power when Henry VIII severed England's connection with the Papacy. And then there was Catherine de Medici who fought to save the Protestants from persecution in sixteenth-century France.

This collection of papers daily records the day-to-day business of the family from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries:

accounts, contracts, grants, suits, and wills. Most of them have been transcribed in the handwriting of some family archivist of the eighteenth century, and bound in ninety large folio volumes covered with parchment. But probably for the sale of 1919 some of the original documents were removed from the volumes and they include the most interesting material. In these papers we come into close contact with the violence, the intrigue, the bitter rivalries of Renaissance Europe. Here is a letter from Giuliano de Medici, son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, pleading that a friend should not be tortured because he was with a murderer on the night of his crime, and in one

letter of 1540, we read of a highway robbery, of ecclesiastical appointments, of a case of bigamy, the mending of a hole in the walls of the city of Pisa, and a petition in favour of some man's son who, after being convicted not for political reasons, but "only for murder". There is a fascinating sequence of letters relating to the pursuit of a high-class bandit called Piccolomini; and there is an account of the execution of Ostend, between 1601 and 1604. It is reported that nearly 100 men were killed, and that the other casualties were so numerous that whenever you saw a man with an iron arm or a wooden leg, in any of the countries engaged in the fighting, you could be sure he had been at Ostend.

And to set against the grimness of such events, there is the glitter of state occasions. A seventeenth-century Spanish Ambassador to France reports on his reception in the city when his wife received a large octagonal table inlaid with agates, jaspers, and other precious stones. She also received a large picture by a famous painter in a stone frame, garnished with diamonds and pearls and rubies.

Three new nature reserves are to be set aside in Wales. One of them is round Cader Idris in Merionethshire, the Chair of St. Peter. Another is at Tregaron in Cardiganshire, and the third is on the Anglesey coast at Newborough Warren and on the Island of Llanddwyn. All are interesting because of certain unusual natural features. ANGUS McDERMID spoke about them in 'The Eye-witness'.

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'The three new reserves are not in any case entirely picnicers' paradises, and they have remained fairly unspoiled. I went on a rainy day to the nearest one at hand, Newborough Warren, and found it, as ever, desolate, wet and uninviting; it looks marvellous on a sunny day, and thanks to the Forestry Commission there is now something like a track across part of it. But it still has the same eerie silence broken only by the cries of seabirds and the swish of gulls' wings, as they dive on the wanderer across the uncharted and shifting sand dunes. Normal transport across the dunes to the sea and along the shore to the lighthouse, the bird sanctuary, and the cottages of Llanddwyn is a pony and trap or a jeep, and even then, you must know the track; but the scientists, the students from Bangor's University College, the botanists, the bird watchers, the antiquarians regard it as one of the richest and the largest dune system in western Britain. And on the island itself, near the ruined Celtic church, there is a colony of tern and far across Caernarvon Bay

are the mountains and, to the west, the open sea.

'Let us go south now, through those mountains some seventy miles past Dolgelly, to where the Machynlleth road peels off to the left, and look up to the right, and among the shadowy recesses of Cader Idris is Llyn Cau. High above it, almost 3,000 feet above sea level, is the peak of Pen-y-Gader. Geologists regard it as one of their classic areas. Botanists again know that here are the furthest-south examples of the elusive Arctic alpine. Here there will be research on vegetation and soils and the effect of grazing on the plant life.

'Further south, about thirty miles past Aberystwyth, we come to Tregaron and 1,500 acres of bogland. Uninteresting? Not to the botanist and the ecologists for, to them, it is the best actively growing raised bog

in southern Britain, and the only perfect example of this once common type of vegetation. Flowing through the beds of peat moss is the River Teifi, and there are many rare plants and interesting birds and insects. The new reserves will give some protection in these rather special places to the delicate balance of nature which can so easily be disturbed'.

A PRIVATE COLLECTION IN SCOTLAND

'It was in 1953 that Sir Thomas Jaffrey died at the age of about ninety-two', said ALISTAIR McCHEYNE in 'Scottish Arts Review', 'and despite his patronage and his benefactions for the sake of art, it is possible that outside Aberdeenshire his name is little known. Sir Thomas was connected all his life with banking and actuarial work. He was shrewd and successful; and if it is true (as has been said) that he bought his first painting when he was nineteen, then it could be held that this collection represents the astonishing span of seventy years.

'Whatever opinions may be on these works individually, the collection stands clearly as a fascinating record of changing tastes and artistic values. It is a journey, as it were, from times when painting was rather tightly bound to the narrative and the historical subject up to almost the present day; from Alma-Tadema, John Millais, and Birket Foster, to Peploe, D. Y. Cameron, and Duncan Grant: in all, 155 works.

'The French impressionists apparently drew a blank with Sir Thomas Jaffrey: they have no place here. But from the Barbizon School we have a tiny yet spacious landscape by Narcisse Diaz, and an emphatically designed, fluidly painted Corot. There is a David Wilkie,



Looking north across the bogland of Tregaron, one of the new Welsh nature reserves. In the foreground are peat cuttings

a David Cox, a Fantin-Latour, and two elder MacTaggarts; there are cows by William Gauld, a sad dog by George Pirie and some happy dogs by William Walls. There is a touch, indeed, of the grand emporium here—you walk around, you take your pick, and there is something, I think, for everybody. The brilliantly dashed-off little still life by George Clausen took me by surprise, and there is a more characteristic figure-piece here by the same man.

'Duncan Grant's still life of poppies is nothing to shout about perhaps—it is a lop-sided design, and a good deal inferior to his Brighton beach scene. There is swift brushwork and sleek use of blacks in William Nicholson's rather flashy still life, and the four canvases from Leslie Hunter and Peploe provide, as we might expect, some of the freshest colour in the collection. Finally, there is another and I think not uninteresting way of looking at this show (in the Aberdeen Art Gallery): if you cared to examine it with the aim of relating a painter's artistic worth to the honours bestowed on him, then I believe this could be fruitful ground, for in these three rooms (and I can scarcely recall a like occasion) there are works by no fewer than sixteen knights and baronets, and one peer of the realm'.

THE PEKING OPERA

THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent, recently described in 'The Eye-witness' a performance of the Peking Opera in Paris. 'The vast majority of the audience, noting that the Peking Opera Troupe were involved, assumed naturally enough that they would be treated to some sort of eastern story set to music. And that indeed was provided, but only as part of a fantastic and beautiful medley of dancing, miming, and acrobatics, sometimes separate, sometimes combined, all done with a precision, grace, and skill that words cannot hope to describe.

'The opening item made it clear that here was something quite out of this western world. It was an episode from a 600-year-old play with a very simple theme. A general has been exiled to the country, and he puts up at the local inn. Later a young cavalier goes to the inn, too, in order to save the general from harm, but he does not announce his mission. He is received suspiciously by the innkeeper, but he is given a room, and he retires to bed. The bed is represented by a small red lacquer table. The cavalier curls up on the table with his sword beneath him, and goes to sleep. The suspicious innkeeper, armed with a sword, creeps into the now supposedly pitch-dark room, gropes his way to the table and seizes the sword, but he wakes up the cavalier who manages to snatch the sword back.

'Then comes an amazing sort of blind-man's-buff in which each man gropes for the other, lashing out with his sword every now and then, and missing by a hair's breadth every time. There is almost unbearable yet amusing suspense, as they pass and repass each other, sometimes leaping on and off the table more silently and gracefully than any cat. All this is done in perfect timing to a kind of gong beaten in the wings. Finally, the innkeeper's wife brings candles, the exiled general comes in, and the mistake is cleared up.

'An instance of pure ballet entitled "Trouble in the Kingdom of Heaven" shows a war between the gods and a tribe of monkeys in which the gods come off a very poor second best. Here again is absolute precision combined with grace and amazing comic invention. The

monkeys are a drab looking lot, but they make up for it by their controlled agility of their antics. The gods for their part are dressed in gorgeous, embroidered silken robes in vivid colours which are a delight to the eye. Opera comes into its own with a scene between an angry man and her unfaithful but finally repentant husband. The music is to the western ears, but charming. The voices are amusing rather than awe-inspiring for they are high pitched and metallic. Even the husband, faithful to tradition at least, sings in a sort of falsetto. But it is all great.

'As for miming there is an instance of it which could put most of our western actors to shame. An old boatman is preparing to take a young woman across a stream. The only material indication that the boat is involved is a wooden paddle. With this the old man sets to work and ties up the boat and the girl steps in. The two bob up and

until you can see the boat which is there. You can see it jerk as the existent rope tautens against the existent stake that the old man has forgotten to pull up from the bank which is not there either. And when the stake is pulled up, and the boat gets out into midstream, you can see it spinning round as it is caught by the current; the whole thing is a triumph of transmitted imagination'.



The pier at Helsingborg, on which most of the 'H.55' exhibition is being held

A SWEDISH EXHIBITION

A big international exhibition recently opened by the King of Sweden called simply H.55. It stands for the year, and the H stands for the port of Helsingborg where it is held until the end of August. Sir JOHN COULSON spoke about it in 'Newsreel'.

'H.55', he said, 'is not another large-scale trade fair, but an exhibition of ideas. It is a carefully selected display in which each exhibit has been inspected by a committee before acceptance. In this the organisers, the Swedish Society for Industrial Design, wish to provide visitors that it is now possible to get good and practical designs for everything, ranging from household utensils to complete town planning schemes.'

'A highly attractive feature of the exhibition is its location. The main part of it has been built on a mile-long pier that juts out into the harbour, so in whichever direction the visitor turns he is able to get a refreshing glimpse of the sea. The entrance, however, is on the mainland, where the first part of the exhibition is given over to the hotel section. Here, among other things, is the International Hall, with its dwellings and flats, designed and furnished by ten different countries

including Britain, are on display. These flats are complete in detail and show the latest designs in furnishings, kitchen fittings, and improved lighting. It is pleasing to see Britain represented in this section which is of a highly advanced standard. The remainder of the exhibition is on the pier itself, and takes in the whole field of industrial design.

'Children have their own little exhibition, too. Here they can amuse themselves to their hearts' content with toys, paints, clay, and a model traffic-safety school. When they have finished playing they can go to their own refreshment room, but the price of admission there is a pair of hands, so wash basins have been conveniently provided just outside the entrance. Right at the end of the pier is the Swedish Design Hall. A striking feature of this building is its huge glass wall measuring 250 feet by 15 feet. The wall faces the harbour, and ferry boats crossing over from Denmark pass by only a few yards away, so for the passer-by on board the effect is like peering into a gigantic showcase'.

The Poetic Process

By W. H. AUDEN

IN my first talk* I suggested that the primary intention of poetry, as of all the arts, is to affirm personal being and personal becoming and to defeat their enemies, the accidental and the fantastic. Now I am going to discuss the process of writing poetry but, before I do so, I should like to say something about the relation of art to other great activity of the human spirit, science.

As a being composed of matter, man is subject to all the laws of the inorganic universe, the laws of physics and chemistry; as a biological organism, he is subject to biological needs and the biological processes of birth, growth, reproduction, death; as a conscious being with a personal self and free-will who makes his own history for which he is personally responsible, he is the subject of the historical order. For the purposes of this discussion, we can lump the physical and the biological together and say that man inhabits simultaneously two worlds, for which I shall use names invented by Henry Adams, the World of the Dynamo, and the World of the Virgin. Any event which occurs in the World of the Dynamo is (a) recurrent, a member of a class of similar events to which it is related by the principle of identity, (b) occurs necessarily according to law. Of such an event it can be said that it is what it is. Any event which occurs in the World of the Virgin is (a) once only, the unique member of a class of one, related to other classes by the principle of analogy, (b) occurs not necessarily according to law but voluntarily according to provocation, (c) is a cause of subsequent events by providing them with a motive for occurring. Of such an event it can be said that it could have been otherwise.

Worlds

The World of the Dynamo is describable, therefore, in terms of number, not language. In it freedom is the consciousness of necessity, and justice the equality of all before the law. The World of the Virgin is describable not by numbers but by metaphorical language. In it necessity is the consciousness of freedom, and justice the recognition of one's neighbour as a unique irreplaceable being. Since all human experience is that of conscious persons, it is not surprising that the experience of the World of the Dynamo, in which events happen to ourselves and cannot be prevented by anybody's art, took time to develop, for man had first to learn to separate his perceptions from the emotions aroused by and accompanying them. Freedom is an immediate datum of consciousness; necessity is not.

Mankind needs both the artist and the scientist, not only because their worlds of study are real, but also for protection against the temptations by which each is tempted, for both, if unchecked, will lay claim to total mastery and create a chimerical universe. Without the check of the scientist, the artist, attempting to treat the world of mass as a world of faces, creates a magical universe in which prayers are said to the Dynamo. Without the check of the artist, the scientist, by attempting to treat the world of faces as a world of number, creates a positivistic universe in which the Virgin is a statistic. In the artist's chimerical universe there can be no notion of equality, in the scientist's notion of liberty.

But God is not mocked: the punishment of *hubris* comes swiftly, a common madness in which the pseudo-artist and the pseudo-scientist are indistinguishable from each other, for the artist becomes as incapable of recognising beauty as the scientist of recognising truth. As claimed to have stood Hegel on his head: in fact, both were tripped with their feet off the ground. At this moment it may look as if the artist's chance of dictatorship had passed for ever, and that the danger in the future will come, as it comes now, from the scientist; one should never be too sure; one could hardly call nazism the work of scientists, whatever use it managed to make of them; and if a hydrogen-bomb nuclear war were to destroy all the plumbing on earth tomorrow, who knows what strange sybils and shamans might walk abroad in the day after?

Any world comprises a plurality of events. Pluralities are of three kinds: crowds, societies, and communities. A crowd is comprised of

$n \geq 1$ members whose sole common character is togetherness. A crowd loves neither itself nor anything else. It can only be counted; its existence is chimerical. Of a crowd it may be said, either that it is not actual but only apparent, or that it should not be.

Defining a Society

A society is comprised of a finite number of members, united in a specific manner into a whole with a characteristic mode of behaviour which is different from the behaviour of its members in isolation. A society has a definite size, a specific structure, and an actual existence. It cannot come into being until its component members are present and properly related. Add or subtract a member, change their relations, and the society either ceases to exist or is transformed into another society. A society is a system which loves itself. To this total self-love, the self-love of its individual members is totally subordinate. Of a society it may be said that it is more or less successful in sustaining its existence.

A community is comprised of n members, united, to use a definition of St. Augustine's, by a common love of something other than themselves. Like a crowd, and unlike a society, its character is not changed by the addition or subtraction of a member. It exists neither by chance like a crowd, nor actually like a society, but potentially, so that it is possible to speak of a community where $n = 1$. To achieve an actual existence it has to embody itself in a society or societies which can express the love which is its *raison d'être*. For example, a community of music lovers cannot just sit there loving music like anything; they have to form themselves into societies like choirs, symphony orchestras, string-quartets, etc., and make music. Such an embodiment of a community in a system is an order. Of a community it may be said that its love is more or less good. Such a love, good or bad, presupposes choice, so that in the World of the Dynamo, the world of nature, communities do not exist, only societies which are sub-members of the total system of nature, enjoying their self-occurrence.

Communities can only exist in the historical world of the Virgin but they do not necessarily exist there. Whenever rival communities compete for embodiment in the same society there is either unfreedom or disorder. In the chimerical case of a society embodying a crowd there would be a state of total unfreedom and disorder: the normal term for this chimerical case is Hell. A perfect order—that is, one in which the community united by the best love were embodied in the most self-sustaining system—could be described in terms of scientific laws, but the description would be irrelevant, the correct description being 'Her Love is the fulfilling of the law' or 'In his Will is our Peace'. The normal term for this is Paradise. In historical existence, where no love is perfect, no society immortal, and no embodiment of the one in the other precise, the obligation to approximate to the ideal is felt not as a law but as an imperative.

Subject-matter of Scientist and Artist

If the natural world were immediately intelligible, there would be no need for science, no impulse to become a scientist; if the historical world were the creation of saints only, there would be no need for art or impulse to become an artist. In fact, however, man is confronted in both worlds by a crowd of events, which provide the subject-matter and stimulus to science and art respectively. The subject-matter of the scientist is a crowd of natural events at all times; he presupposes that this crowd is apparent, not real, and seeks to discover their real place in the system of nature. The subject-matter of the artist is a crowd of historical events recollected from the past: he presupposes that this crowd is real but should not be, and seeks to transform it into a community.

Both science and art are spiritual activities, not practical, whatever practical applications may be derived from their results. Disorder, lack of meaning, are spiritual not physical discomforts; order and sense are spiritual not physical satisfactions.

The subjects and the methods of the scientist and the artist differ, but their impulse is the same, the impulse which is at work in anyone who, having taken the same walk several times, finds that the distance seems shorter; what has happened is that, consciously or unconsciously, he has divided the walk into stages, thus making a memorable structure out of what at first was a structureless flux of novelty. Since in his work the scientist has to eliminate himself, reducing his person to a pure epistemological subject, all he requires *qua* scientist is technical skill and a knowledge of the work of other scientists past and present. The artist, on the other hand, needs all the self he can get; technique and familiarity with other works of art are by no means sufficient.

When Poetry Was a Normal Profession

There have been times and places, medieval Wales, for example, when being a poet was a normal profession; that is to say, the poet enjoyed considerable social prestige and earned his living by the practice of his art. Whenever such conditions hold, poets are not left to educate themselves, but are systematically trained and admitted to the rank of poet only after meeting high professional standards, just as doctors are today. Such conditions are not going to recur in any future we can envisage, nor am I certain that it would be a good thing if they did. I suspect that poets are only granted such prestige when poetry is credited with magical powers. This doctrine, I believe, is not only false but usually associated with other equally false and much more pernicious doctrines. A poet today has to educate himself and he has to keep himself, and most of us, I fear, as we get older and it is too late to rectify our mistakes, wish we had brought ourselves up differently. In my own case, I find my inability, through ignorance, to name and recognise plants and birds a serious handicap.

Ideally, a poet-to-be should be born to parents with varied interests. Two conditions are unfavourable: a too highly sophisticated or artistic home in which everything is in perfect taste, where the library contains the best literature and nothing else, is as dangerous as a philistine home with no books at all. Similarly, it is better that he spend his childhood and adolescence in the country rather than in a town, particularly a metropolis. This is becoming extremely difficult, so that, I think, a poet today has deliberately to learn by study many things which a rural childhood would have taught him naturally. Suppose some eccentric Texas billionaire were to give me *carte blanche* in running a training school for poets, I know what the curriculum would be. The technical side would consist of learning thirty lines of poetry a day by heart, and instruction in prosody, rhetoric, and the history of the language. Works of criticism would be banned from the school library. For the rest, courses in natural history, geology, meteorology, archaeology, mythology, liturgics, and cooking. Further, every student would be expected to look after a domestic animal and a garden plot.

Since no poet can earn his living by poetry, he must either sponge or find a job. The ideal characteristics of such a job are easy enough to state: it should be non-literary; not physically or mentally exhausting; well paid; one the poet can leave when he can afford it and return to when he must. If such jobs are rare, the poet who is qualified to take one is rarer still. The only non-literary job for which the average poet is equipped is unskilled manual labour. Perhaps the time is coming when parents with intellectually or poetically minded children will see to it that, like rabbis in old times, they are taught some skilled trade.

Historic Occasions of Feeling

But let us leave this depressing topic and return to the writing of poetry. I suggested that the material with which the poet starts is a crowd of recollected historic occasions of feeling. Some of these may be called outstanding, others significant. An outstanding event is the sort one reads about in the newspapers or puts down in one's diary; a significant event is one which one may hardly notice at the time but which on reflection seems to hide some important secret. Marvell's 'Cromwell Ode', for example, is about an outstanding event, Wordsworth's 'The Highland Reaper' about a significant event, and Milton's 'Lycidas' involves both.

This crowd of events the poet attempts to transform into a community by embodying it in a verbal society. Such a society, like the physical universe, can be described in terms of laws and structure. Prosody and syntax are to the one what physics and chemistry are to the other. Take this verbal society:

There was a young man of Bengal
Who went to a fancy dress ball;
He went just for fun
Dressed up as a bun,
But a dog ate him up in the hall.

I can say about this: 'This is a quintain, rhymed *a, a, b, b, a*. The *a* lines is made up of three anapaests, each of the *b* lines of two, etc. Since any society cannot change without ceasing to be itself, the poet had always to assume that the history of the language is at a standstill, that words are as unhistorical as atoms, that the word 'river', for example, will never turn into an iamb or come to mean 'mud'. This assumption is necessary but, of course, not always valid: when Keats wrote

And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song

he could not foresee the reversal in meaning that would take place in 'unexpressive', and Keats would be startled to learn what a change in association can make. When a colleague of mine asked a student to explicate the lines

The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns,

the student said, 'The poor dog was blind. Some lunatic had put his eye out and kept it'.

A poem is more like an organism, however, than a thing. For instance, it is rhythmical. The temporal recurrences of rhythm are never identical, as the metrical notation would seem to suggest. Rhythm is to time what symmetry is to space. Seen from a certain distance, the features of a human face seem symmetrically arranged and constant in size and position, so that a face with a nose a foot long or a left eye situated an inch away from the nose would appear a monstrosity. Close up, however, the regularity disappears; the size and position of the features vary slightly from face to face and, indeed, if a face could exist in which the symmetry was mathematically perfect, it would appear not as a face but a lifeless mask. So with rhythm. A poem may be described as a series of iambic pentameters, but if every foot in every line were identical, if all accented syllables carried identically the same weight of accent, all the unaccented were identically light, the poem would sound intolerable to the ear.

Why Poetry is Unpopular Today

I am sometimes inclined to think that one of the reasons why poetry as a medium is unpopular today is that in a machine age all repetition is associated with the lifeless and the boring, with road drills and clock punching, all formal restrictions with bureaucratic regulation. The nature of the final order of any poem is the outcome of a dialectical struggle between the events the poet wishes to embody and the verbal system. As a society, the verbal system is actively coercive upon the events; those it cannot embody truthfully it excludes. As a poem, the community, the events are passively resistant to all claims of the poet to embody which they do not recognise as just; they decline all his persuasions. As a member of a crowd, every event competes with every other, demanding inclusion and a dominant position to which it is necessarily entitled, and every word demands that the system modify itself in its case, that a special exception shall be made for it only. If the system is allowed to dictate to the events, the result is a kind of versifying satirised by Pope in the lines

Where-e'er you find 'the cooling western breeze',
In the next line, it 'whispers through the trees';
If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep',
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with 'sleep'.

When the events are allowed to dictate, the consequence is formlessness and obscurity.

In writing a poem, the poet can work in two ways. Starting with an intuitive idea of the kind of community he desires to call into being, he may work backwards in search of the system which will most effectively embody it; or, starting with a certain system, he may work forwards in search of the community which it is capable of embodying most fully. In practice, he nearly always works simultaneously in both directions, modifying his conception of the ultimate nature of the community at the immediate suggestions of the system, and modifying the system in response to his growing intuition of the future needs of the community. After Tennyson had written

All along the valley, where the waters flow,
I walked with one I loved two and thirty years ago

—it was pointed out to him that as a matter of historical fact, the

years was inaccurate, but he decided to leave the figure that rhythm sound demanded. On the other hand, here is 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree' in its first and its final version.

I will arise and go now and go to the island of Innisfree
And live in a dwelling of wattles, of woven wattles and woodwork made.
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a yellow hive for the honey-bee,
And this old care shall fade.

mes

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

the form has been changed in the interests of a more precise modiment of the subject.

Verbal Societies' and Limitations of Language

In any language the number of possible verbal societies is very high, it is infinite in none. Thus Greek falls naturally into hexameters; Latin does not. A syllabically counted alexandrine with elision suits French, where the corresponding English line is an iambic pentameter with trisyllabic substitution. In English, unrhymed iambic pentameters sound like verse; but shorten the lines by a foot and they will sound like chopped-up prose. Further, even between two forms which are possible, one may be more beautiful than the other, irrespective of the subject. For instance, no skill can make this metre anything but monotonous.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! Where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

but add one more syllable to the odd lines, converting them from masculine rhymes into feminine, and the metre is transformed into a singing and musical vehicle:

Good-night to the Season! the dances,
The filling of hot little rooms,
The glancing of rapturous glances,
The fancying of fancy costumes...
The female diplomatists, planners
Of matches for Laura and Jane,
The ice of her Ladyship's manners,
The ice of his Lordship's champagne.

in, in any language very many experiences may be embodied in poems, but not all. A French poet, for instance, can write

*Le monde
est ronde.*

which is meaningful. But the only statements on that subject in a similar form which an English poet can make are nonsense, e.g.,

The world
Is curled.

The earth
Is birth.

The poet's decision in any given case to employ this verbal society or no other is not arbitrary, but it is not absolutely necessary either. The poet searches for the one which imposes just obligations upon his material. The poet always implies can, so that a society whose claims cannot be met must be scrapped. He must always, however, beware of accusing society of injustice when it is his own laxness that is really at fault. The process of composition is a process of civilising. What at first was a barbaric horde of experiences, incapable of ruling themselves, is transformed into a city, a true polis, the members of which are good citizens, each one of them.

From 'Tyrant' to 'Elected Representative'

In the earlier stages of composition, the poet has to act like a Greek tyrant; the decision to write this rather than that must be largely his, and the demands of the poem are as yet inarticulate or contradictory. As composition proceeds, the poem begins to take over the job of ruling itself, the transient rule of the poet gets weaker and weaker, until in

the later stages, he is like the elected representative in a democracy whose function is to execute the demands of the poem which now knows pretty well what it wishes to be. On completion, the poem rules itself immanently and the poet is dismissed into private life.

From all this it can be easily seen how dangerous are all theories of politics which conceive of the politician's function in terms of the poet's. A poet—Dylan Thomas in this case—may first write

The mast-high anchor dives through a cleft
change it to

The anchor dives through closing paths
then to

The anchor dives among hayricks
and finally to

The anchor dives through the floors of a church.

'A cleft' and 'closing paths' have been liquidated and 'hayricks' deported to another stanza.

Any actual political society which was like a good poem would be a nightmare of tyranny; conversely, any poem which was like any actual democracy—there are, unfortunately, some—would be formless, banal, and very boring indeed.

Properly speaking, to say that a poem is inspired means no more than that it is good beyond hope or expectation. When, after reading a poem, a competent judge of poetry exclaims 'I can't understand how the old boy could have written it', or when a poet, upon completing one, is justified in feeling, as Robert Frost has expressed it, 'O what a good boy am I', they can, if they like, speak of inspiration. But this is not what most people who are not practising poets think it means. To say that a poet is inspired means to them either that while composing he is in a state of wild excitement, or that he is merely a stenographer who takes down as fast as he can write what the Muse dictates. Neither supposition is true. Any poet, I think, could tell them of occasions when he felt great excitement yet, on looking at the result next day, found that it was rubbish, and of other occasions when writing seemed a dreary chore yet the result turned out excellent; and of course he could give examples where the contrary was true.

Stenographer to the Muse

As for the poet as stenographer to the Muse, there do seem to be a few cases—'Kubla Khan' is one—in which the actual composition seems to have been an instantaneous process, but they are very rare, and, even then, one cannot tell how much preparatory work, conscious or unconscious, preceded the sudden solution. Further, if such cases were the norm, writing poetry would be so boring an activity that no poet would do it except for money. The law of pleasure for the mind is the same as it is for physical pleasures like evacuation or sex: without the building up of tension to the point almost of pain, the sensation of pleasure which accompanies release cannot come to be. Among the few sensible remarks ever made about poetry, these two, both by Paul Valéry, seem outstanding to me. 'If a man's imagination', he says, 'is stimulated by artificial and arbitrary rules, he is a poet: if it is stifled by such limitations, whatever other kind of writer he may be, a poet he is not'. And again: 'I would rather have composed a second-rate work while in full possession of my faculties than a masterpiece in a trance'.

Most poets, I believe, if asked to describe the Muse and their relations with her, would reply somewhat as follows:

Like Beatrice in 'Much Ado' she is a formidable girl and will only give herself to a Benedict who can stand up to her. Feminine as she is, though she has little use for either, if she must choose between them, she prefers a wolf who whistles at her behind to a spaniel who fawns at her feet. She has been known to forget that she is a lady and turn into an aggressive Venus pursuing a reluctant Adonis, but very seldom and with unhappy consequences for both. As a rule, a wooer has to use all his powers of insistence and the most subtle strategies he can devise to get a word of sense out of her. Unless he refuses to let her go till she talks sense, she will put him off with nonsense, and if some poor lovelorn fool believes everything she says, how she leads him on.

An inspired work, that is, depends just as much on what the Augustan critics called Judgement as it does upon the Muse herself. Let me give you an example from another art. Rossini's opera, 'Moses in Egypt', contains a chorus in which there is a sudden and extremely effective modulation from minor to major. In a letter to a friend Rossini describes how this came about: 'When I was writing the chorus in G minor, I suddenly dipped my pen into the medicine bottle instead of the ink-pot; I made a blot, and when I dried it with sand' (blotting-

paper was not invented then) 'it took the form of a natural, which instantly gave me the idea of the effect which a change to G major would make, and to this blot all the effect—if any—is due'. There is genius for you—the power to distinguish between chance and providence.

Poems belong to the historical order; therefore, unlike scientific discoveries, a later poem does not include and supersede an earlier, nor does the earlier remain unchanged. 'The Iliad' is not replaced by 'Paradise Lost'; nor, however, is it the same poem, since 'Paradise Lost' was written, as it was before. Again, since every poem is a unique object, they are not comparable with each other. I may say that 'The Divine Comedy' is a more important poem than some two-line epigram; I cannot say it is better. Value judgements about poems are of the same nature as value judgements about people. If I say Mr. Smith is a bad man, I mean, or should mean, either Mr. Smith is so unhuman that he should never have been born, or that Mr. Smith, as he is now, is a bad version of the Mr. Smith he could and should become; and to say that a poem is bad means the same. Similarly, if I say of a sunset or a machine 'it is beautiful', I mean that it is what it ought to be. But if I say of a human face or a poem that it is beautiful, I mean not only that it is what it ought to be but that it might easily have been otherwise: that, indeed, all the chances were against it attaining this beauty; nevertheless, it succeeded.

Beauty, however, is not goodness but its formal analogue. Art, as Ernst Cassirer has said, is an enjoyment not of life but of forms. Every

poet, consciously or unconsciously, holds the following absolute suppositions, as the dogmas of his art:

(1) A historical world of unique events and persons exists and its existence is a good.

(2) This historical world is a fallen world, full of unfreedom and disorder. It is good that it exists but the way in which it exists is bad.

(3) This historical world is a redeemable world. The unfreedom and disorder of the past can be reconciled in the future. Every successful poem, therefore, presents an analogue of that Paradisal state in which Freedom and Law, System and Order are united, and contradictions are reconciled and sins forgiven. Every good poem represents already a nearly Utopia.

An analogue to Utopia, however, not an imitation; the utopian is possible and verbal only—holy perhaps, but only holy play. A scientist, too, for that matter, is, as Henry Thoreau said, a person who, having nothing to do, finds something to do; and I know of no better because modest, description of what the greatest artist can achieve than this passage from Virginia Woolf's novel, *The Waves*.

'There is a square. There is an oblong. The players take the square and place it upon the oblong. They place it very accurately. They make a perfect dwelling-place. The structure is now visible. What the inchoate is here stated. We are not so various or so mean. We have made oblongs and stood them upon squares. This is our triumph. This is our consolation.'

—Third Program

Town Planning as Part of Local Government

The second of three talks by SIR WILLIAM HOLFORD

IT has often been remarked that the ancient world was one of cities and that the modern world is fast becoming so. In fact, by 1951, nearly 85 per cent. of the population of Britain was urban. The words 'town' and 'city' have also undergone a change of meaning; for the modern county borough does not mean at all the

same thing to a citizen and ratepayer of today as the city—the *polis*—of Athens, for example, meant to a Greek in the fifth century B.C. And as we become more urban we tend to think less and less about civic virtues and civic values in the old Mediterranean way. We are highly suspicious of them, in fact. We build garden suburbs, garden cities, and new towns of limited size; we escape as often as we can to the sea and the country and the week-end cottage; we tolerate Peacehaven; we live in caravans by choice; and we found councils and committees for the preservation of rural England.

All this is well known to us; indeed it forms the theme of many of our most popular satires. Also well known to us is the fact that time and the economic world, the increase in global population and the balance of trade, are all moving against us in this matter. Certain exclusive types of shop are not a success in Birmingham because their patrons would just as soon come to London for the day. Already you can live on

the south coast and work in the metropolis. With the exception of National Parks and the large-scale farming areas, it is even possible to imagine the day when our insularity will be complete, the only natural boundary of our urban district being the sea.

The idea of the city, except in historic or ceremonial terms, is a live issue with us.

perhaps, too theoretical to have certainly never ind in it since the days of Roman occupation, and then we do not seem to have cared for it. In its place, however, we have put two practical concerns, both in the field of local government: one is politics—not so much the party kind, as that which is concerned with the power and status of the local government itself and its competition with neighbouring authorities; the other is services—the whole range from planning, housing, education, and transport, through to the village hall, and the branch of the Townswomen's Guild. Under these practical headings the average citizen will recognise the activities of some form of urban organisation. And in the technical field he will go further and identify its precise boundaries, electoral or administrative. That these boundaries may not correspond to economic, geographic, or social reality will not trouble him any more than the fact that the majority of



A caravan town at Castle Rhuddan, Denbighshire

Aerofilms

players in the town football team which supports every Saturday were not born nor even educated there. They represent it when it comes to a contest, and that is enough. 'He that is not with us is against us': and so it is on the platform and the playing field.

Suppose one tries to define a little more closely what a city is. No single definition will do; but here is one from *The Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences*:

A city is . . . a concentrated body of population possessing some significant social characteristics, chartered as a municipal corporation, having its own system of local government, carrying on multifarious economic enterprises and pursuing an elaborate programme of social adjustment and amelioration.

There is a great deal else to follow including a comment to the effect that the city as a rule has an excess of females. But a short definition is comprehensive enough for my purpose, which is to suggest that while we recognise the local government and welfare aspects of the city, its most characteristic function, in an industrial country, is that of carrying on multifarious economic enterprises. And here we do not commonly think in civic terms at all.

This explains, to some extent at least, our ambivalent attitude towards town planning—that process which orders, and in part controls, the environment in which we live and work and move about. We recognise this process as a function of government, and as such we express our views upon it freely. Speaking as consumers, or customers, or householders, or as any other kind of selector at the receiving end of the system, we not only admit the need for town planning but demand a high standard of performance.

What are the authorities thinking of', we say, 'to allow these houses on the skyline, or an airport so close to the village, or skyscrapers near St. Paul's?' As watchdogs we are second to none, including, as we do, in this sense, the press. But as producers, as workers, as retailers, as landlords, as any one of the prime movers in our 'multifarious economic activities', we regard town planning—indeed we think of it at all in this connection—with considerable suspicion. Whether the 'development' we have in mind consists of turning a house into two flats, or of building a factory to employ 2,000 girls, it is regarded as our own business.

So it is. Yet most of us are coming to see that in our present stage of democracy there is less and less distinction between the governors and the governed, between the planners and the planned. Great differences exist, of course; and these are used to taunt both politicians and planners. For example, after a talk by Mr. Max Lock on 'Town Planning in Sweden and Norway' a correspondent wrote from Birmingham:

We see a new division of society—a minority which plans, provides, dictates, and an inert mass which accepts and obeys. The relationship

between these two classes is mechanical: it is not the organic relationship existing between leaders and followers. The latter relationship implies the sharing of a common tradition and a hope of furthering and developing it. In the planned society there is not this bond of faith and hope—there are only the intelligentsia, pursuing their private perfections, and a proletariat which 'couldn't care less'.

There is enough truth in that to serve as a model for the winding up of the objector's case at a public inquiry into a development plan. But when the same objector plans his own business, or when he is made responsible for a public rather than a private enterprise, he is often able to make a convincing case in a contrary sense. Time and again the public interest is maintained by the very individuals who have shown themselves to be most efficient in promoting private interests. In the same way the householder finds himself planning the location of other people's housing. The architect, besides designing his own buildings, is called on to a panel on which he voluntarily devotes his time to vetting the designs of others.

Whether this improves the general standard is another question; what is significant is that few of us, except perhaps the creative artist, can live entirely self-dedicated lives.

So, in order to square our consciences in this matter, we have introduced the doctrine of equity into town planning. However inappropriate this may be for the imaginative designer—and I contended in a previous talk that it could never be regarded as an aesthetic principle—there is no doubt that equity is fundamental to town planning as a process of government. For example, planning law provides that no one is entitled to compensation simply because he is prevented in the public interest from developing or using the property which he owns or rents in a way that is inconsistent with 'good neighbourliness'. On the other hand, if his property is compulsorily acquired he is entitled to compensation.

The extent of that compensation is defined by Act or regulation from time to time—the provisions of the 1947 Act, for example, were varied by the Acts of 1953 and 1954. Considerations of equity in practice determine these amendments, and a principle which is now generally supported is that a man should not have to sell his land to a local authority for a price below what would allow him to purchase in the open market an equivalent piece of land elsewhere. In planning matters particularly, administration and law are soon brought into disrepute unless they are seen to be equitable.

Then comes the really difficult question; and it is this which makes me ask whether, even in its administrative aspects, town planning is possible. Planning, by definition, means thinking ahead. It means committing to paper—worse still, to maps—proposals for changing or consolidating the uses of considerable areas of land. It means the



Section of the London County Council development plan for the South Bank of the Thames



Acquisition for a specific purpose: a model of Lansbury, Poplar—a war-damaged area purchased by the L.C.C. in 1948

incorporation in the plan not only of the authority's own proposals but of other authorities' proposals, such as trunk roads, or electricity substations. And if the necessary money is not forthcoming at the estimated time the proposal is postponed, but naturally stays on the plan because it is some authority's honest intention that it should one day be carried out. Even more disturbing is a major development, like a helicopter landing-ground, not allowed for originally and later found to be necessary. Acquisition procedure may take its equitable course; but for certain types of disturbance in the public interest there is not, and at present cannot be, adequate compensation under the Planning Acts. Naturally the question arises whether it is worth adding to the natural hazards of development an elaborate plan which, by its proposals for the future, merely extends the area of doubt. The planners are then begged to put nothing on their plans except certainties.

The 'Non-conforming User'

But even this, which is almost a contradiction in terms, would not meet the difficulty. People often complain—and with some justice—about planning jargon; but occasionally planning terminology is lifted on to the plane of abstract poetry. For instance, you may live in one of the few remaining houses in an industrial area, or, conversely, own a factory in the middle of a residential neighbourhood. Biologists might call you a 'sport'; you yourself might say you were a special case, or even a misfit. But in planning language you are a 'non-conforming user'.

This problem of the user of property which does not conform to the use proposed in the development plan is one of the most difficult as well as one of the most common of all. Because a pattern of use-zoning, as it is called, cannot be absolutely precise, it cannot be absolutely equitable. The marvel is, not that there should have been a number of objectors on this score at the public inquiries into the bigger development plans, but that there should not have been a great many more. This was a tribute to the careful surveys made before the proposals for use-zoning were incorporated in the plans. Yet an area of mixed development, which was quite properly intended to be 'tidied up' may soon prove to be of social value. A certain factory in a residential neighbourhood may give part or full-time employment to a number of women living nearby who could not otherwise find congenial employment. This means no more than that a development plan should be flexible in detail, to meet changed circumstances and reduce hardship to the individual; and in fact all development plans have to be reviewed every five years. It may also mean that the principles on which zoning is based should be revised, for the benefit of the community as a whole. The basic difficulty remains that flexibility and certainty cannot be harnessed together, even for short periods; while inconsistency is a frequent cause of inequitable administration.

If real town planning, and town improvement, is to be possible, in addition to the creation of imaginative town design, confidence in the planning authority is clearly essential. This has already been established in the case of most of the counties; but some of the boroughs, particularly the older and hard-hit industrial towns of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Midlands, for example, who have the more intractable problem, are lagging behind. While reliance on information gathered by the authority is fairly general, knowledge of the policy and principles on which planning decisions are taken is by no means so general. In most cases there is no declared policy at all. And while this puts all developers and the council alike into the same boat, it does not mean that the boat can hold a course.

Suggested Lines of Action

In fact the way out of the difficulty appears to lie in the opposite direction; that is to say, in the clearer definition of policy governing the various cases on which planning decisions are taken. Thus where the authority itself is the owner of land, or intends to become the owner by acquisition, its intentions should be limited in point of time and absolutely definite in terms and character. Should a further need for acquisition arise, it should be debated on the quinquennial review. Where another authority wishes to acquire, it should present its case and appear on its own behalf at the public inquiry; the same conditions should apply to its procedure as to those of the planning authority. In the case of zoning improvements, long-term road proposals, and most of the other 'ameliorations' referred to in the encyclopaedia definition which I quoted, the policy of the authority might likewise be more clearly defined, but this time as one of deliberate expediency,

gradual improvements being made as opportunity presents itself. And equity in these instances would have to be ensured by different means: by closer consultation with the individuals or firms concerned by making available an alternative site on equivalent terms; or offering a more equitable basis of compensation. Not all of the suggested lines of action are within the powers of planning authorities under existing legislation.

Finally, there is the routine process known as development control: the permission or refusal of permission that now has to be given by the planning authority to every application for the erection of a new building, for the development of land, or for a change of use. It has been calculated (for certain counties only) that, on the average, one application in ten receives an adverse decision, and of these one in eight appeals to the Minister. Even so the number of appeals is far too great for the system to be said to work smoothly. If more were known about the principles on which the authorities work and on which they build up their 'case law' in practice, and if more were known also about the reasons which weigh with the Minister in giving his appeal decisions, the number of appeals would probably drop.

In short, the limitations of town planning as an arm of town government seem to be partly in the power of the planning authorities themselves to break down. They may also be reduced by the scope of further amending legislation, and most of all by the willingness of citizens, producers or consumers or both at once, as most of us are—to recognise town building as one of our major social responsibilities. A nation gives the government it deserves; and it is possible to plan only as far as public opinion will allow.

The conclusion of my first talk* was that town design is only likely to be successful on a truly urban scale when the patron or client who owns the land, and the designers and managers responsible to the client, work together with unity of purpose in a combined operation. Big projects of civic improvement are, literally, territorial campaigns and have to be organised as such. As compared with this, the regulated aspect of town planning is more in the nature of a police function: to curb the disorderly, a help to the law-abiding, and fair to all alike. This kind of planning is possible to the extent that it is sanctioned by the community and its law-givers.

It now remains to ask whether town building is something that can in these days emerge as a conscious social act; and this is to be the theme of my last talk in this series.—*Third Programme*

Villanelle for a Modern Warrior

Young soldier, airman, sailor—king,
The earth is trembling at your potency.
Celebrate but do not sing.

The world's eyes plead while worshipping.
Your body's strong in fighting livery,
Young soldier, airman, sailor—king.

A Titan everywhere you swing
The earth a trinket at your wrist. You're free.
Celebrate but do not sing.

Kisses on your blossoming!
Rapine in atomic latency!
Young soldier, airman, sailor—king.

Watch a mushroom moonfire fling
A town in fountained ashes to the sea.
Celebrate but do not sing.

Spread thick your lustihood, your wantoning,
To match that power to blast. Your lonely
Laughter afterwards will ring
As homeward echoes vanishing.
Young soldier, airman, sailor—king,
Celebrate but do not sing.

PAUL ROCHE

Private Report—IV

Sunday

By DONALD BOYD

TOO often the small boy gazes with respectful boredom at the minister in his pulpit. He knows that the minister is 'good'; and he is therefore something less than a man—or is it more? For the quality of goodness separates a person and prevents you from being in full sympathy and friendship with him.

I daresay all small and larger boys have this idea; but I am thinking particularly of myself in the early nineteen-hundreds. In that decent but ugly building, I am darting restless glances at the black shoulders and elaborate hats and bonnets in front, cherry-trimmed, veiled, floral.

Portrait of a Minister

The only active, live creature there is the minister. The minister wears a frock coat of good black cloth with a silk facing and a white bow tie, whose ends are tucked under his stiff collar. He is sandy, full fleshed, mobile. His eyebrows make little inquisitive horns; and he seems to me sure and satisfied. But at the moment, in our pew, I am worried about goodness. Is there something wrong with the world, or with me? I did not believe I was good. Sin was always waiting round the corner, to spring at me. My father thinks of Sunday in George Herbert's words, 'Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright . . .', and wishes it always so. But perhaps the irritation of hunting for the right shirt and the right studs and his clean gloves spoils Sunday's perfection.

Is the minister himself so sure? Suddenly he thunders at us: 'You comfortable people in comfortable pews!'—and the middling class congregation shifts its marrow bones on the hard wood seats and feels indignant. All the pews had, indeed, carpet tacked on to the planking; which may have been warmer, but you could not slide your uneasy seat up and down. The comforts and distractions were few. Many a bite of varnish have I had from the back of the pew in front, during what I believed then really was called 'the long prayer'.

Early in my career as a chapel-goer I had the comfort of sitting sometimes with an elderly friend—a true Victorian called Henry March. He was an ironmaster, comfortably off, well dressed, wearing a splendid dark silk tie with a ring round it. He had the brightest of blue eyes and the neatest of beards. With a crooked finger he would invite the little boy to join him during the hymn before the sermon, and at intervals during the discourse would bestow upon me a tiny but curiously strong liquorice pellet, shaped like a cushion, half medicament, half sweet; and hand it to me, frowning a little with a conspiratorial glance of guilt—so, though in a way Mr. March was good, he was not solid good; and I knew we were brothers under the skin. And as for my parents, it was not at all difficult to love them very much. They were not weighing up my goodness or badness.

I felt much at ease in church with Mr. March, but not at all happy in the Sunday school. There we had a little soft hymn book called *Gospel Bells* which was pinned into a printed cover of oiled cloth which smelled very strong. The hymns seemed to me riotous and vulgar, both words and music. My dislike and distaste also went out abundantly to the roll of pictures which illustrated the Bible story. Instinctively I took them to be false and vulgar. I liked one of the teachers; a modest, quiet, elderly man who had once visited Palestine and would bring his treasures furtively to class, drawing them out from the tail pocket of his morning coat. 'Look! You can touch it', he would say, 'I brought it from Capernaum—from the Holy Land'.

But these were early instincts about goodness, about quality; instincts which I believe every child has. Yes, really, every child. They are nearly always right. There was no reasoning in them, but children want the good things. A few years later these attempts to understand goodness had become more complicated. As they grow, children ask questions and meditate aimlessly on the answers: aimlessly, because they can have no aim, except that directed by their emotions. And these are, of all forces, the most powerful. These are the powers that make him.

I was now a teacher in a Sunday school of a reformed sort. The infants made Holy Land tableaux in sand and plasticine and we did not have *Gospel Bells*. One hymn was for the collection: 'Hear the

pennies dropping'. Another jolly sort of hymn began: 'Our Sunday school is over now, and we are going home. Hurrah, hurrah, for we are going home'. Perhaps I haven't got the last line right.

It seems to me that the times of which I am thinking had their own peculiar climate, which was unusually assured. It does not seem extravagant to me to say that there never was a time in which the recognised standards of goodness—of moral respectability—had been set so high, at any rate among nonconformists. I was a member of the teachers' class, but not a successful one. In this class the minister's wife talked about the text to be used next Sunday. This gave me ample opportunity to debate points of doctrine or to ask why another text should give an opposite meaning to the one chosen and still be equally true. I am sure there was mischief in my questions; but they were not only mischief.

Innocence, I suppose, is the state of not knowing the difference between good and evil. At thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, one begins to see there are shadows in the world, one begins to ask questions; and when they are serious questions they should be answered honestly. The minister's wife did her best, but I wasted time and was downgraded and became treasurer and form shifter. The moral respectability of the Victorians had banked up and overpowered us. We were saturated with it. The Victorians had established standards which we had to observe. In fact, we were living up to their past. Or we were assuming that it was the proper thing to do; which is not the same. A hundred years earlier, religion could be entirely a personal matter; an act of conversion, and a devotion. By the early twentieth century it had become an increasingly social pursuit with political implications: ideas of goodness and respectability were applicable to all aspects of social life.

It was not a cold attitude. The congregations I knew were large and lively. They had their musical societies and literary and dramatic societies. They engaged in high jinks, they produced skits and squibs and socials, they visited each other and read Shakespeare (with the indecent parts removed). The people were mostly from the skilled classes, engineers, chemists, manufacturers, writers, lawyers, bankers. But if you started to talk about anything concerned with behaviour, about morals to one of these friendly and happy people, the face would immediately change and assume a high, solemn look. And you knew then that you were not going to get an answer. I am sure that my elders were neither stupid nor ignorant. They knew that the world was not what appeared in the moral mirage. But they would not admit it. It was a sort of hopeful dishonesty, and it affected mostly the young, for it is always upon the young that an older generation attempts to impose its ideals. And so I would believe that the young people of my time were put to uncommon moral pressure.

Learning about Money

If you believe that the love of money is the root of all evil, you may decide that a child shall learn nothing about money. My father, dear good man, was half inclined to believe that that was right. Our friend, Henry March, with his Victorian practicality did not. He had the idea that the sooner you learned about money the sooner you would learn to use it wisely and take care of it. 'Now which would you rather have?' he said to me, 'this silver piece or these pennies? Count them. Can you read what it says on this? What could you buy from Miss Silverside's shop with this one?' My father was amused and quite willing that both methods should be tried.

As one grew older other matters approached; forbiddingly. 'If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out . . . for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell'. These were troublesome words to be heard in a world which was dumb about some sorts of sin, particularly sexual sin—which undoubtedly ranked as the worst sort. Many of my generation knew goodness, so to speak, from the climate of organised religion; but wickedness they learned in a hole and corner manner from whispered side-of-the-mouth conversations with boys more know-

(continued on page 1119)

NEWS DIARY

June 15-21

Wednesday, June 15

Prime Minister and Minister of Labour discuss industrial situation with leaders of the T.U.C.

Britain and the United States sign agreements in Washington on sharing of atomic information

Two Roman Catholic bishops expelled from Argentina

Mr. Arthur Tiffin elected General Secretary of the T.U.C.

Thursday, June 16

Revolt against President Perón's Government breaks out in Buenos Aires. Over 100 civilians reported killed in air raids on city. The Vatican excommunicates those responsible for deportation of Roman Catholic bishops

After a number of meetings on the dock strike, the stevedores' union decide against a return to work

Sir Robert Scott, British Minister in Washington, appointed United Kingdom Commissioner-General in south-east Asia in succession to Mr. Malcolm MacDonald

Friday, June 17

State of siege ordered by Argentine Government

Dr. Adenauer, the German Chancellor, joins three Western Foreign Ministers in their discussions in New York

Saturday, June 18

President Perón claims in a broadcast that the revolt against his Government has been suppressed. Reports from Montevideo state that the revolt was led by an Argentine Admiral

Summonses issued against forty-nine members of the crew of the *Queen Mary* who are on unofficial strike

Sunday, June 19

Dr. Adenauer lunches with the Prime Minister at Chequers before returning to Germany

Sir David Kelly succeeds Sir Ronald Adam as Chairman of the British Council

Monday, June 20

Lord Justice Morris publishes his decision as referee on wages of railwaymen

The Prime Minister gives details in Commons of Anglo-American agreements on atomic energy

Over 3,000 aircraft from eleven countries take part in Nato exercise over Europe

Tuesday, June 21

Foreign Ministers discuss in San Francisco procedure for four-power conference at Geneva

Stevedores' union is readmitted to T.U.C.

Annual report of National Coal Board shows loss of nearly £4,000,000



The three Western Foreign Ministers. Left to right are Mr. Dulles (U.S.A.), Mr. Corder (France). They discussed the four-power conference. Afterwards they went to the Nations General Assembly.

Left: President Eisenhower addressing the Nations General Assembly in San Francisco. Right: Mr. Corder, Assistant Secretary of the United Nations, and Mr. Zarubin, Soviet representative.



Passengers from the *Queen Mary* waiting for their luggage at Waterloo Station. The liner was prevented from sailing by members of her crew on unofficial strike.



Lord Justice Morris, the referee appointed under the railway strike settlement to decide on a new wage-structure for footplatemen. In his report, published on June 20, he awarded increases in the weekly wages of engine drivers and motormen from 1s. to 3s., but no increases for firemen.

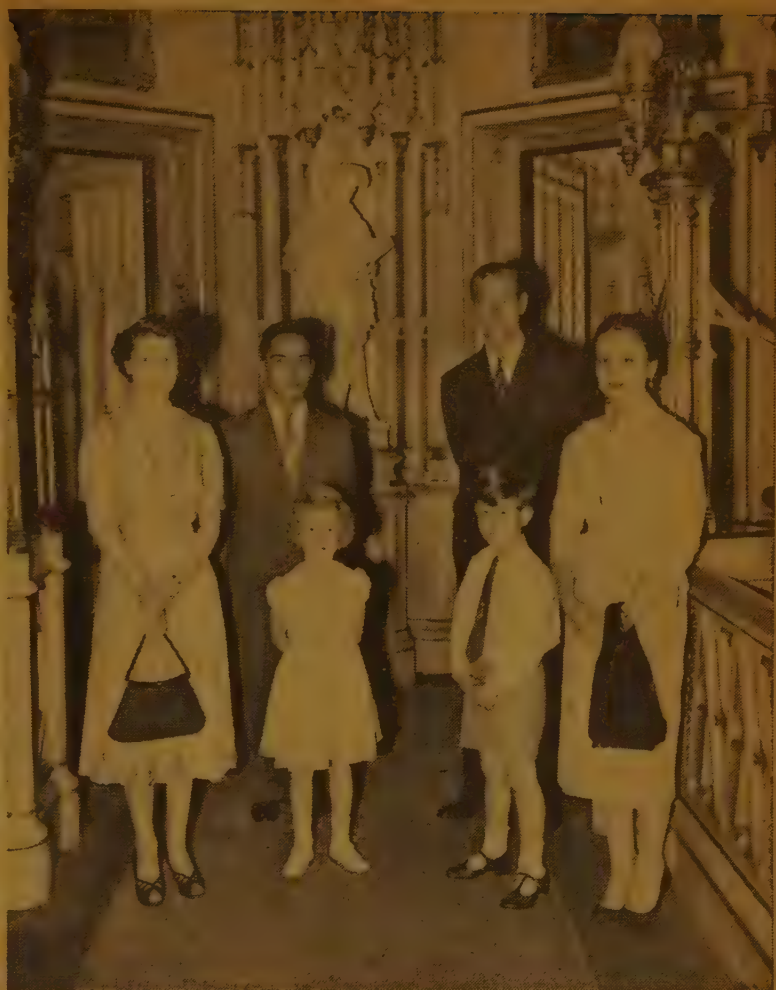


...meetings in New York last week. ...lan (Great Britain), and M. Pinay ...to be held in Geneva next month. ...and met Mr. Molotov

...anniversary meeting of the United ...e 20. Behind him is Mr. Andrew ...nd in the background, Mr. Molotov ...dor to the United States



U Nu, the Prime Minister of Burma, who last week paid an official visit to this country, being shown over the North of Scotland hydro-electric works at Pitlochry on June 18 by Sir George McGlashan, Governor of the Perth and Kinross County Council



King Hussein and Queen Dina of Jordan, who have been on a week's official visit to Britain, photographed with the Royal Family at Windsor Castle last weekend. Several of the engagements which King Hussein carried out during his visit to this country were made by helicopter



...after they had ...owing to an



Chirk Castle, Wrexham, Denbighshire. Another grant towards its restoration has been made by the Ministry of Works. Built in the fourteenth century by Roger Mortimer, the original main structure is practically intact. The present owner, Lieutenant-Colonel Ririd Myddelton, is a descendant of Sir Thomas Myddelton who accompanied Sir Walter Raleigh on many expeditions to the Spanish Main and who bought the castle in 1595

Left: the scene in Portland Harbour last weekend as efforts were continued to raise the submarine *Sidon* which sank on June 16 after an explosion in a torpedo compartment, with the loss of thirteen lives. In front of the two lifting vessels, a patch of air bubbles indicates the position of divers working under the water. The submarine had been about to leave on a training exercise in the Channel when the accident occurred



To mark the jubilee of the Automobile Association, a historical cavalcade of motoring was held in Regent's Park, London, on June 18 at which H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, as President, took the salute. The photograph shows Commonwealth patrols passing the saluting base

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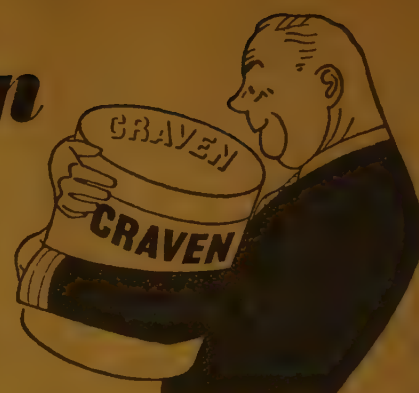
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THAT'S SHELL

-THAT WAS!

(continued from page 1115)

ing than oneself, and turned away in horror, and at first in unbelief; and then no doubt in dismay at the conviction that one shared the instincts of wickedness. There were the good; we knew that. And there were the wicked; two different races, and it was long odds that one belonged to the already damned. One of the moral books left lying about like an arsenical rat-bait in households where there were boys, purported to be a physician's memoirs. It purported to be a collection of medical histories in which young men went mad in the night or rotted away before one's very eyes because of indescribable sins. One of the other books aiming at the same result was all about lilies. A family of boys with whom we were friendly had both books.

But, thank heaven, sanity keeps breaking through. Most of those I knew had enough health not to be floored by the physician's diary, and life then is too exciting to be constant, and perhaps you hear your elders making some benevolent little jokes about the evening sermon, and that is reviving. Goodness perhaps, after all, can be imperfect?

For Sunday evening was, I think, the happiest part of Sunday. It was a happiness to my elders too; their devotions had been paid, and they could relax happily and simply over supper. You must imagine the table filled with food and surrounded by people, young and old. For it was a hospitable house. Before chapel, one of them was sure to say 'I shall try to bring back so-and-so for supper'. There might be cold ham; there certainly would be cheese and oatcake and home-made

bread and butter and parkin made of oatmeal and treacle. Everyone was jolly and happy. The conversation would be stilled for the blessing: 'Lord bless this food to our use and according to thy will'. At the end of the meal grandfather might tell some blood-chilling ghost story, for he loved them, declaring confidently, 'Don't be alarmed, they're all rubbish—all nonsense—there are no such things as ghosts . . .'. And at last we would gather for prayers . . . and sleep.

No, I have no complaint to make about their ideas of goodness. They were mostly good ideas and I think they still are, but that they are now expressed differently. I think it well that a different moral climate shall have succeeded the one I knew. It may perhaps be more dangerous now because of its freedom, but it has more sense in it and less fear, and fear is the worst enemy. I think the young have the chance to be better than their fathers; not that this is likely to be their ambition. Those I know do not seem to go to church or chapel or Sunday school, and the big families scarcely exist. The young will construct a morality of their own; but I believe they are losing something of value. They will not hear my little minister read with slow wonder the vision of Ezekiel or the Revelation of St. John, and listen as he tries to understand aloud the mystery of man and his intimations of glory, nor will they catch so readily the echo of the psalm which was so often and so humbly upon my grandfather's lips: 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever'.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Ruling Class in Russia

Sir,—Professor Seton-Watson suggested in his talk (THE LISTENER, June 2) that a double system of secondary schools was likely to arise in the Soviet Union, 'those which prepare children for higher education for a fee, and technical and trade schools, with low fees or none at all, designed to produce skilled workers and technicians'. In addition, he inferred that the first category would be largely reserved to children of the 'toiling intelligentsia' who are becoming a hereditary *élite* largely as a result of special educational opportunities. He now agrees that the first contention is incorrect, since a common school, with a common curriculum, for all children from the age of seven to seventeen is being established.

But he advances an alternative argument in support of his second contention. Because the higher colleges and universities are differentiated there is competition for entry to these; as a result 'competition for entry into those secondary schools best equipped to get their pupils into [the best universities] will continue to be acute. It is here that the advantages for children of the higher grades of the "toiling intelligentsia" over children of workers and peasants will continue to be most marked'. But this is not the case. Each common school has a precisely defined catchment area. The children living in this area automatically attend their local school; there is, therefore, no competition whatsoever for entry. It is impossible for any of these schools to provide special advantages to an *élite* with special status and influence, as, for instance, do our 'public' schools.

Professor Seton-Watson also repeats that the financial factor 'will exclude most peasants and many workers'. But when attendance to seventeen is compulsory, no one will be excluded. In the cities nearly all children already stay until this age, in spite of the small fees; and, according to Soviet figures, the proportion staying on in the countryside has been enormously increased during the last few years.

The fact is that a rapid educational advance is now taking place in the Soviet Union. A

leaving age of seventeen within five years will, after all, be no 'mean achievement, especially when the high intellectual content of the work done in school is taken into account. Moreover, the higher colleges already take over six per cent. of the annual age group (as compared with three per cent. here) and are to be expanded by forty per cent. during the next five years.

The lengthening of school life, and so the opening of the road to higher education, has always been recognised as the key to equalisation of opportunity. These developments have inevitably brought about a rise in the general level of education and so a widening in the choice of careers for all children; a trend also fostered by the rapid development of the Soviet economy. It is in face of these facts that Professor Seton-Watson claims that 'social mobility' (a term not strictly applicable to the U.S.S.R. since it presupposes a class-stratified society) has 'greatly diminished' in the last twenty years. He also claims that it has 'greatly increased' here, but recent research indicates that social mobility through education has not been materially increased in this country during the last half-century.—Yours, etc.,

Leicester

BRIAN SIMON

Good Behaviour

Sir,—Mr. Seltman's letter must have delighted those who do not hold the common belief that women were held in little regard during the great days of Athens. As Mr. Seltman points out, Gomme, Kitto, and other scholars have disproved that often expressed opinion.

Sir Harold Nicolson will find that Dr. Gilbert Murray has provided proofs that the gracious civilisation of ancient Greece was not based on slavery. In my recent book, *Alexander the Great and his Time*, I have tried to summarise the conclusions of those recognised authorities.

Sir Harold's third accusation, that homosexuality prevailed in the famous century of Greece, is also now disputed. In *The Greek View of Life*, Lowes Dickinson describes how many of the friendships of men led to noble and disinterested conduct rather than to physical ab-

normality. In societies with primitive culture homosexuality was at one era a common practice, but careful study of *The Symposium* and several of the *Dialogues* of Plato give no ground for the belief that this form of perversion was condoned by the eminent men of that age. On the contrary, Plato and Aristotle maintained that it had a corrupting influence on the community.

Future historians who study recent legal reports and other publications may draw the mistaken conclusion that homosexuality was condoned and common in twentieth-century Britain and Europe.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

AGNES SAVILL

Recollections of Wittgenstein

Sir,—Professor Karl Britton's 'Recollections of Wittgenstein' have reminded me of my own very humble acquaintance with the great man. In October 1948 a friend asked me if I would 'type for Wittgenstein'. I knew nothing of philosophy and little of typing, but he needed someone who knew German.

He arrived at my home one Monday morning and said: 'I am Wittgenstein. I hope you will be able to put up with me'. On Tuesday and the following six days he brought me a selection of vitamin tablets which he considered essential if I were to stand his pace of work. I learned after a few hours that I had to listen with my ears alone; to attempt to listen with my mind was fascinating, puzzling, and quite distracting. He would dictate slowly and clearly (laying great emphasis on certain words) and announce every stop and comma. He would pause frequently, cancel one paragraph and replace it with another. He would walk up and down for a while and then sit down and mutter: 'No, no, no. Forgive me . . . just a moment . . . yes, I am a fool'. On one occasion he started up violently, striking his forehead with the back of his hand, and then—suddenly very calm—he said quietly: 'Ich bin ein Esel', and continued to dictate his short, very precise and carefully punctuated sentences.

Yours, etc.,

GITTA DEUTSCH ARNOLD

Law and Order

(continued from page 1105)

reasons without substance, I assure you, the honesty of lawyers is often the subject of jokes. What is shady, however, is not the lawyer but the law; and that uncoded collection of statutes and judicial decisions comprising the laws of England was not unjustly described by a famous jurist of the last century as 'that unprincipled labyrinth'. The reason for such strictures is that the law is a means and not an end in itself, and the end can sometimes be lost sight of in the imposing structure of its detail.

What is the Purpose of Law?

What, then, is the purpose of law? At first glance, we might say the maintenance of social order, until we reflect that this purpose, laudable enough in sound, has been every tyrant's pretext for the dungeon and the rack—and in more advanced times the gas-chamber. After all, there is no better example of peace and quiet than a cemetery; and although a commendable degree of order is achieved in a prison—relieved only occasionally by the odd riot or escape—it is not the type of order to which any of us subjected to it would award the palm. The legitimate purpose of law, I suggest, and the only excuse for its disagreeable compulsions and restraints, is the promotion of human freedom. I do not mean by freedom an unqualified licence to do anything you like. That sort of freedom is unrealisable, because it is immediately in irreconcilable conflict with everybody else's, as was pointed out to the gentleman who punched his neighbour on the nose as a demonstrative expression of our boasted love of liberty. 'Your freedom stops', said his neighbour, 'where my nose begins'.

No, I mean by freedom a harmonisation of conflicting interests wherein each citizen shall be free to develop and employ his natural talents to the mutual benefit of himself and his fellows. Freedom so conceived is no longer contrasted with the restraints of law, but, when that law is just, is identical with them. Law in that case is no longer a fetter on freedom but a sinew which ensures it—for undo the ligaments that articulate my limbs and I am no longer free to act but incapable of moving at all.

Freedom, then, rightly understood, is justice. It is not equality in the sense of unison but only in the sense of harmonised differences of temperament and habit. Justice so conceived is the proper and only excusable purpose of law. Only social order in this form is social order in the creditable sense. Otherwise it is a sterile stagnation amounting to no more than a relief from turmoil.

Democracy in its many shortcomings, and especially as an appeal to a faultily educated electorate to decide issues they could not possibly understand, is admittedly not a very good method of government. Fortunately for that purpose it is singularly ineffective. Its practical and meritorious purpose is to allow us to get rid of Cabinet Ministers without having to assassinate them or take them into protective custody when their policies displease. In short, democracy is a safeguard against benevolent despots and permanent oligarchies, as well as against corruption and jobbery; and easily the most important item on the parliamentary programme is Question Time; for a 'P.Q.' on a civil servant's desk is equivalent in function to the red-hot poker in the Harlequinade.

Democracy is not, as might be supposed, a late historical development. A primitive social chaos gradually subdued first by kings and then by elected politicians may be an idea that flatters our vanity, but it is not true. The truth is the other way round. Early social integration was by tribes, enormous groups of interconnected families, the parental heads of which formed a controlling congress or congregation, the original meaning of the word *Ecclesia*. Conflict and war between tribes for sustenance, and sometimes prestige, like the strife between Israel and Judah after Solomon, tended to break up peaceful tribal integration.

Then we get the difference appearing between Law and Order. The law of the tribe was its order—its *mos*, *mores*, or custom; its moral and legal code being one, embodying its way of life, hallowed in the case of the Israelites with God's sanction, not given with a despotic hand but in benediction, sealed in a sacred Covenant. And whether one spoke of the Law of the Covenant or of the Law of Moses or Leviticus or the Law of Holiness, over all these several codes there

presided the law in essence; *Torah*, not itself a code but the inspiring spirit of all order and blessing—the very guiding hand itself of the Author of Peace and the Lover of Concord.

Under the ravages of war and social turmoil the word 'law' itself underwent a change of meaning. It ceased to mean custom and came to mean command. Emergency regulations and war-time measures were now the law. Even the word 'order' lost its spiritual meaning and degenerated into the shout of a sergeant-major. This conception maintained reality down to comparatively recent times. Henry VIII could still regard the Royal Domain of England as his private estate, while Louis XIV could say without exaggeration: '*L'état? C'est moi!*'—and the definition of law as the command of a sovereign, whether that sovereign was a monarch or a mob, was still a doctrine of jurisprudence at the university in my own day.

It is not surprising that law as a command outlived the 'state of emergency' which originally excused it; for ambitious opportunists—heroes, as Homer quaintly calls them—it was a godsend. In his *Leviathan*, published in the sixteen-fifties, Hobbes, in denying the ethical basis of law and government altogether, was only recording facts very much alive in his day. A great deal of modern law as a result consists of *ad hoc* regulations drawn up by bureaucrats behind the political scenes; and, by an awesome paradox, the overthrow of autocracies ruling only for their own class and old school has produced in many places tyranny on its head—a revolution in the unintended literal sense—in what I should call the Lower Welfare State, meaning by that a well-fed rabble ordered about by experts; whereas governments intent upon welfare in the fullest sense would attend as much to the needs of the mind as the body, by seeking to create a real society consisting of politically responsible people among whom may yet come true the prayerful prophecy of the Prophet Jeremiah: 'I will put my Law in their inward parts'.

Meanwhile, the historical divorce of law from morality has left the latter the slave of the former instead of its master. No longer Olympus or Sinai but government offices are the founts of law and the seats of the guardians of order. The community as a moral and spiritual unity is in real danger of being lost sight of—overshadowed as it is by *Leviathan*, the state, 'that great beast'—soulless, heartless, and irrational. This is hardly a 'progress' to be proud of, but rather a retrogression. The Greeks, the Hebrews, and the Romans stand high among the nations in having possessed from early times a mature and noble conception of law. And as the rabbis distinguished the *Torah* as law itself from the codes embodying it—as distinct, that is to say, from laws and orders in the historically damaged sense of those words—so the Romans distinguished *jus* from *lex*, and *fas* from both. *Lex* was law as decree, command, or code; *jus* was the principle of right or natural justice; while *fas* was the equivalent of the Hebrew Law of Holiness, governing purification, shedding of blood, prohibitions of certain meats, and so forth. As ceremonial law rooted in taboo, *fas* was the parent of *jus* and *lex*, the embryo of that *pietas*, *gravitas*, *simplicitas* which Romans believed had made the Republic great and not merely geographically large.

Room Left for Reform

English law recognises the moral element in civil law only in the original Latin meaning of custom. The Common Law of England and of the United States is no pretended embodiment of ideal justice. This absence of official sanctity is not entirely bad: it allows us to reform the law and to recognise it as falling short of its pretension. Conceived as habit and custom, law equates with the scientist's use of the word. For him the laws of nature are not compulsions but settled habits. God, I venture to presume, does not order the stars about; they seek His will rejoicing; so should we regard the law of land, realising that it is a reflection, a poor image indeed, always needing correction, of a law which is the law of our natures as social and spiritual beings.

—Third Programme

The thirteenth Montague Burton lecture on international relations was given by G. F. Hudson on 'British and American Policies in the Far East since 1900'. It is now published by the University of Leeds, price 6d.

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Last October we launched an Appeal for St. Paul's, the main objects of which were:—

- To complete the restoration and repair of the Cathedral.
- To build a new Choir School and reconstruct other ancillary structures such as the Chapter House.
- To secure additional income (estimated at £20,000 per annum) needed to meet increased costs.

All these objects are of vital importance if St. Paul's is to be maintained in a manner worthy of London's Cathedral and a great national shrine. The response has been generous and we are more than half-way towards our goal. To reach it we need your help. Gifts may be sent to me — The Dean, St. Paul's Cathedral, E.C.4.

W. R. Matthews



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Artists in Seventeenth-century Rome

MICHAEL JAFFÉ on the exhibition at Wildenstein's, London

IMMEDIATELY on your left, as you enter this exhibition, hangs a small picture whose subject is a game of *morra*. Two men in rags, watched by their fellows, sit absorbed in the simplest—and one of the most ancient—social pastimes. Eternal to Rome, the game is playable so long as men can count the fingers of their hands.

The recorder of this little scene of contemporary life, Michelangelo Cerquozzi, was one of those who took up the popular kind of painting

ground resembles rather the bright light of Amsterdam; and the polish on the vegetables shines resolutely Dutch.

Rome and the beauty of her countryside affected each man according to his background, temperament, contacts, and—to some extent—length of residence in the city. Paul Bril, for example, as the exhibition shows, had—but only late in life—a remarkable change of heart and vision. Twenty-odd years after his coming as a young man to Rome, he was still painting for export to the north such a semi-fantastic peepshow of Roman life as his 'Scene from the Campo Vaccino'. This is crammed with tiny figures and picturesque buildings, twitched into life by every trick of Flemish mannerism, a *matinée* rather than a morning scene. A quarter of a century later, in his very last years, after landscape painting in Rome had been revolutionised by Annibale Carracci and Adam Elsheimer, he painted a scene of late afternoon in the neighbouring foothills, with a goatherd driving his flock. This is a humanised landscape in which men meet and talk, whilst others wait for supper beneath a vine on the side of a castle-crowned hillock. Such a country idyll strikes the note whose sweetest echo is in Claude. And we may turn in the exhibition to the serenity of Claude's 'River Landscape' where the herd-boy pipes to his goats on the wooded bank.

Claude, by his delicate responses to light, makes of the surrounding hills and streams an Arcadian legend. He evokes no less poetically the mood of Rome herself. He views the Campo Vaccino in the floods, looking across to the Capitol, with the triumphal arch seen against the sun; and his drawing makes an elegy on the magic of antiquity part submerged. For when the Tiber finds its banks again, the drying ground will still tantalise with the suggestion that it retains more precious evidence of ancient Rome than it has yet revealed. Further insight into how precious and authoritative this material evidence was to artists in seventeenth-century Rome, we have only a few feet away: in Poussin's sketch of details from Trajan's Column, translated into the pictorial terms of light and shade, an observation perhaps of one of his walks through the city; and in Sweerts' exposition of a private academy,



'Scene from peasant life, with *morra* players', by Michelangelo Cerquozzi (1602-1660)

first promoted in Rome by Pieter van Laer of Haarlem. As an artist, Cerquozzi is not distinguished above the other painters of the Roman everyday. And he wholly lacks such qualities as the poetic moodiness of Sweerts, or the subtlety of Pynacker to explore uneasy involutions beneath the apparently simple surface of a country occasion. But he is unique in the exhibition, amongst the major artists represented as well as these minor ones—and almost unique in the whole story of art in Rome between about 1590 and 1660—in that he was actually Roman born. It was the strangers, drawn to Rome from other Italian cities and from northern lands by the fame of her sights, and by the life and opportunities that she offered, who really made her the metropolis of the arts, the first of modern Europe. And you will not miss the strangeness in their ways of seeing her. The incongruencies in Lingelbach's painting of the Piazza del Popolo show not only in such incidentals as the introduction there of Bernini's Triton Fountain from the Piazza Barberini, but in the whole atmosphere. The distant buildings cohere in the grey brown tone which closes the Roman day. But the light on the faces and produce of the market crowd in the fore-



'Self-portrait', by Jan Miel (1599-1663)

with a young painter busy copying from a litter of antique fragments, reliefs, and busts.

The wrecks of time fascinated men in different ways. Annibale Carracci, the master decorator of Cardinal Farnese's Gallery, painted a small devotional picture 'The Vision of St. Francis'; and set off his enchantingly composed group of figures against an arcade. The arcade is recognisably that of the courtyard in the Farnese palace, still today, like the Cardinal's gallery, one of the immaculate sights of Rome. But Annibale chose to adorn it for a fancy with the greenery of decay. Breenbergh, more capriciously, uses as a backdrop for his illustration to Tasso, 'Clorinda saving Olindo and Sofronia from the Stake', a screen of buildings whose central edifice is the drum of St. Peter's dome surmounted by the cupola of the Pantheon, the whole depicted as a whiskered ruin. Even a man with such an unwayward grasp as Rubens on the real conditions of life could paint, behind the saints in his first great altarpiece for the Chiesa Nuova, a huge triumphal arch, cleft and in places overgrown.

In clear contrast to these sidelong glances at the cycle of dissolution, the exhibition offers an aspect of the city as it confronted an anonymous master: 'A view across the Tiber to Castel Sant'Angelo and St. Peter's'—as St. Peter's appeared for a few months only during the construction of one of Bernini's towers. The water which flows between the arches of the Ponte di Sant'Angelo carries such reflections as Dutch painters saw in the river at Dordrecht. And the Tiber bank looks sandy as the dunes by the shore at Scheveningen. Yet these glimpses of a far country heighten our sense that here is not only a document of a particular stage in the completion of the great basilica, but a beautiful expression of a northern man's feeling for security and majesty in the ancient strength and rising splendours of papal Rome.

The game of *morra* offers an appropriately genial introduction to the artistic world of Cerquozzi and van Laer. So the self-portrait of Jan Miel, with two fingers of his left hand upraised, may introduce us to the more elevated world of painters who served papal and princely Rome. Miel, well kempt in black, portrays himself decidedly the gentleman. And his picture hangs suitably enough next to a portrait by Van Dyck. Yet Miel, who early in his working life assisted Sacchi in his decorations for Palazzo Barberini, and who worked fifteen years later for Pope Alexander VIII, painted for half the intervening period quite happily in the manner of van Laer. The most unusual career of this Flemish painter, who scored a finger in two worlds, only emphasises what was, for most men, a spiritual gulf between, say, the idly conceived *tarantelle* of Cerquozzi and the grave measure trod in Poussin's 'Dance of Human Life'.

The Miel portrait recalls the more sober-seeming portraits of Van Dyck. But how brilliantly Van Dyck himself shows off his rapid grasp of the outward shows of Titian in the gorgeous portraits of Sir Robert Shirley and his Circassian bride! When the Shirleys brought these home in their baggage, how they must have dazzled the English court, who saw for the first time what splendid people they could appear in paint! How brilliant, but how empty of substantial form! Unmercifully close to the 'Lady Shirley' hangs eloquent criticism: Rubens' portrait of Margherita Gonzaga. Van Dyck's aloofness from the cheek-by-jowl existence of the colony of Flemish artists in Rome, their carousals, nicknames, and, to him, mean employment, earned the sharp observation from them that, in spite of his fine pretensions he could not—at least not in the high Roman sense—draw.

The power to design, the aim of such drawing, had been considered since the High Renaissance to be the pre-eminently Roman virtue in the arts. Van Dyck, just as much as the followers of van Laer, evaded the

problem left by the etiolation of High Renaissance grandeur through the sixteenth century: how to open the way for fresh styles potent enough to carry the emotional and intellectual burdens of the new century. The exhibition presents this vital problem in the special terms of those ideally grand figures, Michelangelo's seated youths of the Sistine ceiling. Caravaggio, in the marvellous picture of a seated youth fondling his pet ram, shows how he is aware of the problem—but then he slyly implies that the revolution which he is now accomplishing on his own makes the problem no longer important. His far from innocent boy is painted to deride grandeur into grandiosity. A drawing, bearing an old ascription to Stomer, shows Caravaggio's composition modified by attributes which could allow it to pass for a 'St. John Baptist in the Wilderness'. It represents either a feeble attempt to cover the intended embarrassment, or else a simple misunderstanding by a follower of genius mocking genius.

Very different was the approach of Annibale Carracci to the problem. Practice in life studies such as that of a 'Man on Crutches' enabled him to re-fashion through observation of the living model the ideal attitudes of Michelangelo's superhuman creations. In one supremely powerful

drawing of a nude youth, designed for the frescoed decorations of the Farnese Gallery, Annibale manifested how a new and refreshing ideal might be reached, of classic grandeur tempered with humanity. Next this drawing hangs a copy of another design of Annibale for the same gallery, but one modified in painting the actual ceiling. The design embodies another of these nude youths conceived in emulation of Michelangelo. The copy is by Rubens. It stands for more than a passing tribute to Annibale's achievement. It marks the attraction of Rubens not only to Annibale's method of work but to his vision. There is a chalk drawing in the British Museum showing how Rubens copied from one of the youths of the Sistine Chapel. His hand and eye won knowledge of Michelangelo by drawing on the same scale as Annibale and with very much of Annibale's manner and spirit.

The organisers of the exhibition offer much in their choice of works to increase our understanding and pleasure. In noble paintings by Annibale, by Domenichino, and by Poussin, they review the development of heroic landscape. They indicate the origins of caricature. They suggest something of what Bernini meant when he told the Venetian Ambassador in France 'that he was born more of a painter than a

sculptor'. And they show some of those exquisitely studied landscapes with figures which brought Elsheimer reputation and influence out of all proportion to the size or number of his pictures.

Much they cannot show. The principal monuments of their chosen period remain for the most part in Rome herself, practically immovable: stupendous frescoes; or very large canvases filled with the action of life-size figures. Two of the more manageable altarpieces conceived on this scale they do bring: one by Lanfranco; and one by Stomer. But Claude and Poussin are the only major artists who can be represented in rooms of limited space on the scale of their greatest triumphs. They are so represented: Claude by a beautiful sea-piece, 'Sunset and Ships', haunted by his favourite image of the rock arch of the School of Virgil; Poussin by the 'Extreme Unction' and the 'Baptism'.

But the really rare success of this exhibition is that it opens our eyes to the diverse ways in which new styles form and develop whilst older styles linger; and especially, by one admirably organised demonstration on which I have dwelt, to the way in which a young artist of great potentialities can help himself to win strength from a great predecessor by learning to match the eyes of an older contemporary. If the practical study of art history needs any public justification today, surely it is to be found in that.—*Third Programme*



Nude, from a design for the Farnese Gallery, by Annibale Carracci (1560-1609)

Art

Round the London Galleries

By DAVID SYLVESTER

THE impressive series of loan exhibitions of nineteenth-century masters at Marlborough Fine Art continues with one divided between Sisley and Pissarro. They are a well-matched pair, and not only because their names are so often bracketed together in opposition to that of the most glamorous of the central triumvirate of impressionists. The deeper bond uniting them is that, of all the artists connected with the birth and rise of impressionism, Pissarro and Sisley alone were successors to Corot. The pearly light, the unemphatic composition, the unassuming gravity of form, the slow, even pulse of the brushstrokes, the quietism—these are not to be found in Jongkind or Boudin or Bazille or Manet or Monet or Renoir.

It could be said that what binds Sisley and Pissarro most closely to Corot is their humility. At the same time there is a world of difference between Sisley's humility and Pissarro's. Sisley's humility is expressed in the extreme neutrality of his style. He was the least idiosyncratic painter of his time. It is he, not Monet, of whom it could justly be said that *'il n'est qu'un œil, mais quel œil'*; and his eye is *'l'œil moyen sensuel'*. There was nothing of the average man about Pissarro: no child of nature he—he was a zealot, a fanatic, an Invisible Man. In the cause of the science of

painting, Pissarro was always ready to shoot off in one direction or another to keep abreast of charted or uncharted possibilities. What is astonishing about his contribution to the Marlborough show is its variety, its evidence of a constant inconstancy of allegiance to other painters, some of them younger than himself. And it is in this that his humility resides—in his experimental readiness to follow a lead given by others and to risk making a fool of himself (as he often did) in his search for truth. *'L'humble et colossal Pissarro'*, wrote Cézanne of this vagrant Sephardic father-figure, this Grandpa Moses with advanced political views, and the colossal is there in his work as well as the humble. It is there in the natural, unforced grandeur and breadth of such pictures at the Marlborough as *'Le Carrousel, Matin d'Automne'*. There have not been many painters in whose art the quality of dignity was so innate.

Further and even more striking evidence of the diversity of Pissarro's experiments in style can be found at the Leicester Galleries, in an interesting collection of pastels and studies in a variety of mediums. The other rooms there are devoted to recent paintings by Robert Medley and Lawrence Gowing. Professor Gowing is holding his first one-man show for seven years, during which period he has come to the forefront of living writers on art. Admirers of his writings may be disappointed by this exhibition. Professor Gowing is by no means the first painter-critic to handle words more persuasively than paint. Still, it is somewhat unusual to come across so strange a contradiction

between the painter and the critic. Flatness of conception, a heavy-handed realisation, and an almost oppressive sweetness of feeling are qualities of which there is no hint or sign in Professor Gowing's brilliant, complex, and perspicacious writings.

Robert Medley is rare among English painters in being able to play the French at their own game and beat most of them at it. I mean by this that our French contemporaries have a way of using highly formalised shapes and arbitrary colours and making out of them something which is good to look at and at the same time a reasonably convincing equivalent for the real world, whereas when the majority

of English painters use such a language, either it looks all right but does not mean very much, or it connects with reality but is lacking in fluency.

At the time of Medley's last one-man show, in 1950, it seemed to me that his pictures of cyclists in the fauve tradition did not tie up with the appearance of things and were therefore pure decorations. His new pictures, on the other hand, are not only very agreeable coloured designs but convey a feeling that something has been seen. It looks very much as though Medley's progress had been helped by the example of Francis Bacon, for the sense of reality in his recent work



'Maison du Père Gallien à Pontoise', by C. Pissarro, from the exhibition at Marlborough Fine Art, Ltd.

derives largely from its atmospheric treatment of space and contours, and Medley's way of getting atmospheric effects closely resembles Bacon's. Still, no influence could have profited Medley if he did not draw with such fluency, handle paint with such delicacy, and invent asymmetrical designs so very nicely balanced.

Miss Katerina Wilczynski's drawings and watercolours of the Mediterranean and London at the Hanover Gallery show her to be working away still in her familiar, personal, charming, wispy-lined style. I feel, however, that her recent drawings are less acute than their predecessors, as if she had grown too used to her manner and mannerisms. Whether it is because of one's own lack of familiarity or hers with her use of water-colour, it is the landscapes in this medium at the Hanover that have the most conviction and vitality, the line itself gaining from the contrast with patches of wash.

Downstairs at the same gallery is a miscellany of French pictures already noticed in these columns. The French miscellany at the Lefèvre seems to be largely a pretext for showing a single enormous masterpiece—the largest picture ever painted by Bonnard, and one of the most beautiful. A more modest but almost equally fine Bonnard, a flower-piece, is the best of many good things in the miscellany at the I.C.A. Gallery, the works in which have been drawn from English private collections. Most of the leading painters and sculptors of the century are represented, many of them by really choice examples.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Italian Influence in English Poetry.

From Chaucer to Southwell. By A.

Lytton Sells. Allen and Unwin. 30s.

PROFESSOR LYTTON SELLS appreciates Petrarch. 'A pure poet', he writes, 'supreme in his genre, and a very great humanist'. He notes 'the greatness of Petrarch—distinction of character, originality of thought, intensity of feeling, magic of style (style which is the signature of the heart)', and holds that 'in every age of deep poetic feeling men have found in him a contemporary and a brother'. This acknowledgement of Petrarch's unique genius is a decisive guarantee of the soundness of judgement shown throughout this book. This is not because any English poet of the sixteenth century or indeed later has ever succeeded in naturalising the peculiar quality of Petrarch: those who followed Petrarch or his followers seldom took over more than the mechanics of his style, whether in technique or in sentiment. But Professor Sells' understanding of the great *trecentista* indicates with what accuracy he is able to evaluate the mass of Italian poetry which is historically of most relevance to English verse in the period he covers. English literary historians have too often undervalued Petrarch's kind of poetry, tempted to do so perhaps by their acquaintance with sixteenth-century imitations and developments of it; their emphasis has been upon its artificiality and its limitations. Moreover, Petrarch has been sadly devalued by changing tastes in poetry in our time. Mr. Eliot has as little relish for him as Mr. Pound, who could be brought to admit no more than that one might sometimes wish to read Petrarch as one might sometimes wish to eat a chocolate cream.

However, as a guide to what is merely literary and what is truly alive in the labyrinth of Italian, French, and English verse of the sixteenth century, a feeling for Petrarch is irreplaceable. Sidney, Daniel, Drayton, and Spenser can be measured, their personal vision isolated, in the comparison; Shakespeare himself can be apprehended instinctively, but not critically, without it. And the Petrarchan ideals of style were not confined to love-poetry. Ariosto and Tasso, and indeed all the great stylists of the period, gave their allegiance to the same conceptions, in developing different methods for different purposes. And these too are writers who are indispensable to our understanding of the course of Elizabethan poetry.

By its survey of these literary interrelationships this book should do much to revive interest in a field of study which is often assumed to be worked out, but which in fact is in need of reworking. Professor Lytton Sells himself claims to be writing 'an essay in literary criticism rather than literary history': he has justified the claim by a constant freshness of judgement, and by showing the unperceived interest to be found by setting his various authors against the European intellectual background. Chaucer emerges as more idiosyncratic, more miraculous, than ever. In later chapters, Fulke Greville and Robert Southwell stand out as writers who have as yet been imperfectly assessed: Greville is shown to owe much to the political thought of Machiavelli and to anticipate some of the Christian 'pessimism' of Pascal; the Jesuit Southwell brings to England the methods of the religious art of the Counter-Reformation, and prepares the way for the tradition of Anglican religious verse in Donne and Herbert. Throughout his account of the study of Italian in England the author introduces

information about the Italian teachers and visitors, exiles or residents, who contributed to our growing knowledge of their culture.

There is nothing in Professor Sells' work which claims to be absolutely new in substance: what he has done is rather to bring together what has been provided in small parcels in the last thirty years or so—a task which was overdue, and which, having been achieved, can provide a starting-point for new investigations. It is true that no big discoveries are now likely to be made; but the profit to be found in the confrontation between Italian and English should be looked for elsewhere. It lies in the development of our critical sense, our appreciation of shades of kinship and divergence. The many casually illuminating critical judgements which Professor Sells himself makes in the course of his survey show what the open-minded critic can learn, almost without knowing it, from these two great literary traditions. It is a pity that the book has not received the careful proof-reading it deserved.

English Country Houses: Early Georgian

1715-1760. By Christopher Hussey.

Country Life. £6. 6s.

Until recently country houses were the least known of English architectural monuments. Few of them were accessible to the public, and fewer still in public ownership. For the official conception of an 'ancient monument' was essentially archaeological. To qualify for preservation a building had to be obviously antique and preferably in ruins: inhabited buildings were automatically excluded from the guardianship of the Ministry of Works, and it followed that medieval castles and monastic houses were the only ones normally preserved at the public expense. Carefully excavated and trimly laid out, they served admirably to illustrate the life of feudal England. But of the relics of the aristocratic England which succeeded it there was no official cognisance—nor, until recent years, was it necessary that there should be. Now, however, taxation and the social changes of the last thirty years have made it almost as difficult to live in a great Whig mansion as in a baronial castle, and there was a danger that many of our finest country houses would perish. Fortunately the state has recognised its responsibility for the preservation of 'historic buildings' (as opposed to 'ancient monuments') and £250,000 has been made available annually in order to save at least some of them from the housebreaker.

Meanwhile there is an urgent need to record as many as possible of the surviving houses, not only as architectural monuments, but also as the setting of the aristocratic life of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which is as much a part of our history as feudal warfare or monastic piety. This, in fact, is what *Country Life* has been doing for the last forty or fifty years in a series of articles admirably illustrated and authoritatively written, at first by the late H. Avray Tipping, and more recently by Mr. Christopher Hussey and Mr. Arthur Oswald. In 1920-8 a selection of the more important *Country Life* articles was reprinted by Tipping in the series called *English Homes*, and now Mr. Hussey has embarked on a new series designed to supplement and ultimately to supersede Tipping's stately volumes. Its purpose is the same, 'to narrate the development of English domestic architecture as illustrated by the larger country houses, while providing a com-

pendious record of the most notable examples'. 'The method and treatment now adopted' are, however, 'somewhat different'. As 'many of these houses can no longer be regarded primarily as family homes in a continuing way of life', Mr. Hussey has treated them rather as 'national and historic works of art'. He has accordingly written more about the architects and craftsmen by whom they were built than about the family history of their owners.

The volume which has been chosen to inaugurate the new series covers the Early Georgian period. It is prefaced by an admirable essay on the aesthetics of country house architecture, in the course of which the author not only outlines the changes in style which occurred between 1715 and 1760, but shows how the Palladianism which dominates the years after 1730 can be related to the Whig ideals of the period much as the Greek Revival in America can be related to the political ideas of Washington and Jefferson. 'The vast majority of Early Georgian country houses, and all those of pronounced classical style, are due to Whig owners, whereas we owe the preservation of most of the surviving mansions of earlier periods to Tory indifference to aesthetics'. After about 1750, however, 'the Whig party, Idealism, and the Palladian revival had lost impetus' and made way for the more complicated aesthetic of the middle years of the century, which Mr. Hussey classes, perhaps not altogether convincingly, as 'Rococo'. The truth is that, as Mr. Hussey admits, Rococo as understood on the Continent 'received little direct expression in English architecture', where its place was taken partly by the revived taste for Gothic, and partly by a new freedom in the use of the conventional classical repertory.

The period after 1760 is left for treatment in a companion volume, and the remainder of the book is devoted to the description and illustration of thirty-five representative houses. The original *Country Life* articles have necessarily been considerably compressed, but the average number of illustrations given to each house is over a dozen, and in many cases a sketch plan has been provided as well. Mr. Hussey's approach (as his publishers point out) is 'not the academic one', and here and there there are statements of fact which further research will certainly modify. But little that is already in print has escaped his notice.

One Man in His Time

By N. M. Borodin. Constable. 21s.

In this book a Soviet scientist, who in 1948 broke with the Soviet *régime* and settled in England, tells the story of his life in the Soviet Union. He was eight years old when the Revolution happened, and the whole of his conscious life in Russia was therefore spent under the various phases of Communist rule—the Civil War, with its hardships and famine, the relative ease of the NEP period, collectivisation, the purges, and the war. Dr. Borodin writes vividly, frankly, and above all convincingly. He fully identified himself with the Soviet *régime*, accepted its standards and worked for it to the best of his ability, winning privileges and recognition for his work as a microbiologist. He makes no pretence of having had any doubts, hesitations, or scruples during his life in the Soviet Union, and his account is therefore all the more valuable because it gives an authentic picture of the mentality of the loyal Soviet citizen. Indeed, the striking, and perhaps psychologically some-

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what puzzling, fact is the rapidity with which, in the course of a government mission to this country, Dr. Borodin decided that he would not return. In an explanatory letter to the Soviet Ambassador in London he gives as his reason the suppression in the Soviet Union of independent thinking after the war. Yet, inside the Soviet Union, he had accepted, apparently without any scruples, the police terror, the fake charges, the denunciations of colleagues and all the inhumanity that life in the Soviet Union involves for those who want to get on.

This contrast reveals the depths of the tragedy of what a Communist régime does to human beings. No doubt in England Dr. Borodin is now a kindly, normal human being. In Russia he seems to have accepted, as a necessary and normal part of life for the loyal Stalinist, things that would make any ordinary human being revolt. Innocent men are framed, friend betrays friend, truth, honesty, kindness and comradeship cease to have any meaning. Stalin was engaged on his dual policy of industrialisation and the elimination of all actual and potential rivals. He depended for the success of this operation on the support of tens of thousands of young, new men, in whom self-interest came first, and who were ready to accept all the horrors of the present for what the future promised; to forego honesty and decency in the name of a doctrine, and to accept injustice as the normal routine of daily life. Those who survived (and there were casualties even among the new generation) gained big prizes, and Dr. Borodin was one of them. It was only years later, in England, that he reflected that if it had not been for him and his like, the horrors of Stalin's reign and the suffering which it caused to millions would not have been possible.

What is the quality that makes the Russian submit beyond what one would have thought the limit of human endurance? Is it some fatalism, or servility or indifference? Here is a court scene described by Dr. Borodin, during the period of collectivisation. Some peasants are on trial for secretly cutting off a few ears of corn with a pair of scissors and using the grain thus stolen from the collective farm for food and for sale. They are sentenced to ten years' forced labour. 'The oldest of them, a man with a long grey beard, bowed to the court and expressed his thanks that he had not been condemned to death'. And yet all Russians are not so submissive. The next defendant, a Kuban Cossack veteran of the Civil War, sentenced for insulting a tax collector, struck down the judge with his wooden leg.

The Classic Anthology defined by Confucius. By Ezra Pound.

Faber. 30s.

Is it still necessary to debate the question of Pound the translator? No doubt the scholars will continue to demonstrate his howlers, but the rest of us will continue to learn more from him than the scholars seem able to impart. We learn more because Pound communicates delight by his mastery of words and a passionate advocacy. But accuracy? It is true that some of Pound's versions of the Confucian Odes have scarcely any resemblance to the previous renderings of M. Granet and Mr. Arthur Waley, and those that have are often given a recognisably 'poundian' twist.

What conclusion is to be drawn? The reader has a right to ask whether this is a reliable translation of a Chinese classic, but it all depends what the reader wants from a translation. If he wants data about the folk-customs of ancient China he must go to Granet and Waley; if he wants an 'accurate' translation of the Odes (should accuracy be possible) he must consult the same authors. But if he wants

a transcript of the *Shih-Ching* (and Pound has attempted the whole) that will assist him to see these folk-songs and dynastic odes as a body of literature which is still alive, as Confucian scripture, he must go to Pound. 'Not study the Odes', said Confucius, 'won't be able to use words'. Pound has pored over the ideograms and made poems; he is not concerned with archaeological details unless they elucidate the words on the page. The resultant China may be Pound's China, but 'Mr. Pound', wrote the scholar Hsieh Wen Tung, 'is the only (translator) who, uninhibited by tradition, moulds his style on the text'.

Books I to XV of the Odes are folk-song, and folk-song is notoriously difficult to translate. Pound has accomplished the almost impossible feat of putting the tune in the words.

Mid the bind-grass on the plain
that the dew makes wet as rain
I met by chance my clear-eyed man
then my
joy began

For the last two lines Granet has: 'Our meeting was by chance / And was all I could desire'. Waley—and this is Waley at his best: 'By chance I came across him / And he let me have my will'. Pound telescopes two lines into one with 'clear-eyed'; his version has concision and clarity—so has Waley's version in this instance, but Pound's words dance, and they have the sun in them.

No. 140, verse two. Of a line in this verse Waley says: 'This line is corrupt in the original and the sense can only be guessed at'. Herenders it: 'That lady his daughter / Thick and lovely her hair!' This is Pound's guess at the whole verse:

In the old Capital scholars all
wore wide-plaited leaf-hats and small
silk caps (black), the ladies' hair
was of a neatness that appeared unaided
the present hair-dos
leave my heart unpersuaded.

But as a foil to such insouciance there is the sombre *gravitas* of No. 258 (unattempted by Waley):

The great drought is come as parching,
quilted with locusts and swollen...

This magnificent poem is not only a complete justification of Pound's labours for this book, but one of the finest poems he has written.

Pound has called his translation *The Classic Anthology 'defined' by Confucius*, and this is an important guide to his procedure and its value. For we ask, in what way could the Odes (love-songs, war songs, etc.) be used by Confucius as a vehicle of moral instruction? His disciples allegorised them with intolerable commentary, and the great service of Granet and Waley has been to strip them of this. Yet we cannot properly understand the Odes if they are taken out of their Confucian context. Confucius sang the Odes... and they became 'confucian'. It is not a question of endowing the Odes with an adventitious moralism; it is a matter of tone in the transcription. Pound, with years of work behind him on the Confucian texts, can muscle 'confucianism' into the verse. 'Unmuddle the mass / Make it possible for folk to be honest'; and,

Be thy cut form of justice as Wen's was, shall rise
ten thousand cities, thine, and with candour in all.

The World of Small Animals

By T. H. Savory.

University of London Press. 15s.

Many a young biologist, whether amateur naturalist or professional zoologist, longs to go to the ends of the earth seeking for animals on which he may undertake scientific research. Ample subjects are, however, near at hand; it is only necessary for the enthusiast to go out into

the back garden, turn over a few stones, and select the commonest invertebrate that he can find. He will then discover that very little is known about it except its name—and often that is wrong. There is an enormous field for biological research on everyone's doorstep. This book introduces the naturalist to the methods of biological research; it shows him how he may achieve original results of permanent value by the simplest means, and draws attention to some of the common animals whose lives await investigation. It is written primarily for the younger naturalist, but any naturalist worth his salt is young in mind whatever his age, and all can read this book with pleasure and profit.

The author has been teaching science in schools for many years, and this book is an elaboration of a doctrine that he has long preached to natural historians. It consists of two parts. The first deals with the methods of biological study, from seeking small animals in the field and examining them alive in the vivarium or dead under the microscope, to the ways of gaining access to the literature so that the newcomer may start where his predecessors left off. The second briefly outlines what is known of twelve selected groups of small animals and shows where original investigations may begin.

This book should be read by every serious naturalist: it is well written, full of ideas and information, and an invaluable guide.

Danger in Kashmir. By Joseph Korb.

Oxford, for Princeton University Press. 30s.

The dispute between India and Pakistan about possession of Kashmir is still with us, unsettled after nearly eight years of immense argumentative effort by the two disputants and by the U.N., and after fourteen months of a shameful undeclared inter-Dominion war; a source of continuing misery (like the still unsettled Palestinian and Korean disputes) to the many hundreds of thousands of innocent fugitives whose lives have been disrupted by it; a standing disgrace to the British Commonwealth, whose vaunted resources in internal statesmanship it has totally baffled; and a recurrent—though just now perhaps less active—threat to world-peace. Here, in these careful pages, the whole fascinating, absurd, and unnecessary tragedy lies bare: opened up and dissected by a distinguished Czechoslovak of the Benes-Masaryk school who himself—like so many Kashmiris—is a fugitive; who in that capacity has intimate experience of the wretchedness caused by iron curtains and cease-fire lines; and who, moreover, as Chairman of the U.N. Commission set up in 1948 to mediate in the dispute, had access to unrivalled sources of information. His qualifications, both of head and heart, for undertaking an authoritative study of the subject from his university refuge in America were thus probably unique.

And authoritative this outcome of his research and his memories certainly seems to be. Wide in scope, admirably documented, penetrating in analysis, sympathetic, founded upon direct knowledge of most of the personalities, and of the country involved—and at times refreshingly frank about the former, as in his remarks (page 236) on Kashmir's present Prime Minister—the book sets a standard which future writers would find it hard to surpass. In unravelling the controversy's main political strands, and in apportioning blame Mr. Korb, as befits a peacemaker, shows himself transparently, indeed sometimes painfully, eager to be fair. To extremists—of whom on Kashmir there are too many—parts of the book may consequently prove maddening; often, when apparently just about to reach a conclusion, the author recoils, points to some possible alternative, and then discreetly sidles off. Nevertheless, from quotable passages

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in most chapters (e.g., pages 41-2, 130, 132, 158, 168-70, 179-82, 184-5, 254, 304) the broad inference seems plain: Mr. Korbel felt compelled by the weight of facts—as have many other unbiased observers—to regard Pakistan in this great affair as more sinned against than sinning, in respect both to its origins—what he says (pages 59-72) on the happenings between July and October 1947 is illuminating—and, even more, to the astonishing sequence of obstacles and negations which India has contrived to put up—dreadfully catalogued in Chapters 6 and 7—against holding the promised plebiscite. Perhaps of special interest, to readers in this country, will be his verdicts, in the main unflattering, on the effect which Lord Mountbatten's decisions and advice had during the crucial days of October 1947 in shaping the controversy's future course (pages 79, 84, 85).

The eminent American who in March 1949 was appointed formally by the United Nations as Plebiscite Administrator, Admiral C. W. Nimitz, and who, owing to Mr. Nehru's objections, has never yet succeeded in functioning on Indo-Pakistani soil, contributes a dignified and interesting foreword. The book is well printed and suitably indexed. The first chapter seems less effective than the rest and contains a few obvious small errors. Perhaps the two maps might have been better, and the bibliography omits some relevant British publications.

**The Reformation in England, Vol. III:
True Religion Now Established
By Philip Hughes.
Hollis and Carter. 42s.**

With this volume Fr. Hughes completes the first extended account of the English Reformation to appear in forty years; he deserves to be congratulated on finishing his formidable task so swiftly. At the same time it would be idle to pretend that these three volumes are anything but partial in both senses. The strength of the work lies in its treatment of the Reformation as a religious event, but a corresponding weakness appears in the omission of all else, the failure to construct the proper setting of economic, political, and international factors. This fault became apparent in Vol. II; it is glaring in Vol. III. The other kind of partiality is also present, as one would expect and as no one need regret. The book's approach is unusual and exciting, even if at times the excitement is of the kind that goes with a raised blood-pressure. Fr. Hughes can be strikingly unfair. To have the reign of Elizabeth written with William Allen for hero and William Cecil for villain is a useful corrective to some unconscious but general assumptions; but the double standard of criticism applied to the pronouncements and deeds of the two sides only repels. The uninitiate reader may well wonder how the noble and unpolitical Allen, so movingly described, can suddenly produce those foul-mouthed and highly political tracts of 1588. Too honest to suppress, Fr. Hughes is yet too engaged not to gloss over and distort by emphasis.

Despite the many shrewd blows struck against the Queen, her Ministers, and her Church, there are too many misses in attack and failures in defence. On the two central controversial points here made it is impossible to follow the author. He argues that England was Catholic in 1559 and was then forcibly converted by a violent Protestant minority. This ignores much: mere numbers do not properly describe the social structure of Tudor England, the 'governing class' contained a Protestant majority, the so-called Catholicism of the people had neither body nor life in it. Really, the legend of Protestant England as Cecil's conspiracy will not

do, not even in the reasonable and subtle pages of Fr. Hughes. Secondly, the author tries hard to show that the persecution of Catholics was inspired by religious motives, and that the political fears alleged had no reality even in the Government's own mind. Here his inadequate treatment of the political problems (especially the problems of Mary Stuart and of Spain) destroys his own case. His large and speculative assertions that the persecution began in full in 1559 would look better if based on an analysis of recusancy fines collected and men imprisoned instead of the *obiter dicta* of other historians. When we find a document of 1577 used to prove rigour in 1559-69, with the bland explanation that nothing said or done before need lead us to think the severities a 'revolutionary change for the worse' (page 246), we may well ask what has become of the historical methods of a writer ready enough to upbraid others on such grounds.

Fr. Hughes' work, after its splendid start in Vol. I, now really marks a return to what one had thought dead and done with—a return to controversy and debating points in the place of history. Anyone wishing to engage in controversy is advised to start from the author's own footnotes where he will find much less certainty than the text will lead him to expect, as well as some very obvious chinks in the armour (as the masterly innuendo, on page 264, that Cecil was ready to turn Catholic in 1569). Fr. Hughes possesses so many of the qualities of the historian—wide industry and deep thought, a view which embraces both the general and the particular, a gift for the right question, a supple and persuasive style—that it comes as a shock to realise that he may not own the more elementary equipment of that profession. In all three volumes he has printed facsimiles of letters, with transcripts which are full of inaccuracies and even contain a few howlers. This is not mere pedantry: such things argue a lack of acquaintance with manuscript sources which is serious in a work of this kind.

More dangerous is Fr. Hughes' notion of evidence, especially in the part dealing with the 1559 settlement and the development of Protestantism (he is better in his account of the fate of Catholicism): he will use the opinions of other writers (preferably Protestant) as though they were facts. The collection of Maitland quotations on pages 8-9, or the constant citation (occasionally out of context and misleadingly) of Kennedy, Black, Neale, and Read, is supposed to support a case which demands references to documents. Fr. Hughes uses his authors as authorities in the old sense—he even gives them that name. When he has assembled enough Blacks he thinks he has scored a point over the adversary; but why should we take Professor Black's mere word if we won't take Fr. Hughes' in any case?

Out of all this arises a sense of insufficiency. The book will convince no one except the believers: based as it is, it cannot convince. This is a pity, for it contains much unfamiliar truth, much sense, and, best of all, much humanity.

A Classical Anthology: selected and translated by L. A. Wilding and R. W. L. Wilding. Faber. 18s.

Wherefore, and for whom, are anthologies? For the lazy? the busy? To save time and recourse to whole texts in which one has long since lost one's way or never found it? They seem, judging by their popularity, to be acceptable to most people, making up for the occasional guilt-feeling they inspire (shouldn't one read the *rest* of the 'Odyssey'?) by inculcating an occasional virtuous smugness (is one not in contact with

the best minds at the highest moments of their inspiration?). And, after all, the modern equivalent of Horace's '*monumentum aere perennius*' is 'constantly reprinted'.

The present anthology of classical literature has the great merit of printing the texts of the originals, both Latin and Greek, on the left hand side of the page: time thus saved may also mean souls saved for the unique, untranslatable pleasure of language. The passages here chosen are nearly all standard 'high spots' from the major authors. But if (largely for reasons of space) it is a conventional choice, it is also an 'essential' one. There is much one could wish added: there is nothing here from Alcman, Alcaeus, Anacreon, Aristotle, Lucian, Petronius, Quintilian, or Plutarch, while other writers are meagrely represented (Propertius and Theocritus surely deserve two extracts each in order to do them justice). But there is also nothing one would wish—or ought to wish—away. As for the translations, some attempt might perhaps have been made to break up the verse ones into lines roughly corresponding to those of the originals: Pindar, or the iambic speeches from the Greek tragedies, would have been easy to treat in this way, and to do so might have had the effect of relieving a certain visual monotony, to aid the eye in differentiating and so the task of translation itself. There is so much in the appearance of words which affects our response to their meaning. Apart from this, these versions are on the whole clear and adequate: and there are always the originals challenging the dissatisfied to try their hand.

Devon. Shell Guide

By Brian Watson. Faber. 12s. 6d.

The latest issue in this useful little series consists of a gazetteer of all but 70 of Devon's 430 parishes, a general introduction called 'The Face of Devon', a list of old houses, and an appendix on sport. The introduction is mainly concerned with geophysical features, architecture, and waterways. It might have included rather more about husbandry, industry, and trade, which play so large a part in fashioning the landscape. Here one ought to find the present proportions of arable to grassland, and at least a mention of tin-streaming or Dartmoor ponies. And in a word or two attention could have been drawn to some features which distinguish Devon from most other counties—the multitude of tiny ancient boroughs, the lonely farmsteads scattered in inhospitable moorland. But, of course, the book is one for the hasty traveller, and when we reach the gazetteer itself economic factors are by no means ignored. In that gazetteer, brief though it be, Mr. Watson has not confined himself to buildings but has appraised the scenery. He has also drawn attention to the many examples of vulgarity. Thus he finds 'concrete gnomes', 'lurking' behind the shrubberies in Budleigh Salterton, 'Chinese' houses adorning Belstone, 'hideous ill-lettered fascias' disfiguring the High Street at Exeter, 'wretched' electric cables 'etching' the prospect of Kenn church and 'the crowds you visited Devon to escape' congregating in the streets of Ilfracombe.

The book is not entirely free from blemishes. The author calls the Assize Courts at Exeter the County Court, fails to note that the present Lydford Castle was used and probably built as the prison of the stannaries, and seems to have mistaken the character of the archpriests of Hacombe and Bere Ferrers. Guide-book writers nowadays must write concisely, but the style that they are adopting in the interests of brevity ought not to become an established idiom. It is the style of *The Good Food Guide* and abounds in such cacophonies as 'visitable', 'mentionable' and 'explorable'.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Varied Personalities

PUTTING JAMES THURBER on exhibition in 'Panorama' was not such a smart thing to do. Those who did it are unlikely to have gained vast esteem from the viewers, however full of congratulations they may have been among themselves. As for Malcolm Muggeridge, the onus was most unfairly on him, as I could have told him it would be. That he felt the strain of it was obvious from his adjectival retching. 'This terrible business of being a humorist, Mr. Thurber —'. He said it three or four times, undoubtedly with insight but also with anguish.

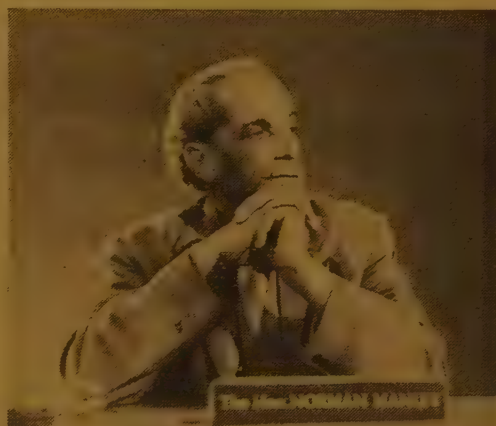
Thurber has no gift of self-expression outside his writing and drawing, a verdict I pronounce with the completest *sang-froid* after having met him once, before the onset of his blindness. He is the least congenial company that I was ever in at a table for three. There it is in my diary: 'I am left with an impression of a man peculiarly on his guard. One has noticed it before in visiting Americans. In a man of wit it can be embarrassing'. As the host, I did my best, sensible of the fact that with me and John O'Hara was the world's acutest authority on the state of feeling of which I was just then a victim, frustration. Life is very difficult. Television did nothing to make Thurber better known to us than he is already through his extraordinary talents, beyond showing us that when he sits down he takes on the outline of Whistler's 'Mother'.

It may not have convinced every viewer that here was the inventor of the Thurber woman who said to the Thurber man who had escorted her home: 'You wait here. I'll bring my etchings down'. Probably it was a surprise to some to discover that he has been bereft of outward sight. But all the complex ingenuity of television does not exist to show us what people look like. This interview did precisely that. It was not enough and also, somehow, it was slightly unseemly. One could sense the undergraduate glee behind the scenes at having 'got him'. The possibility of an ineffectual result had evidently been ignored.

We were more handsomely rewarded, in personality terms, by 'Press Conference', which had Jamaica's chief minister, Norman Manley, up for questioning and kept us quickened with attention throughout its thirty meagre minutes. Without losing touch with our old grumble here

about the cock-shy faults of 'Press Conference', we can agree that once again the programme justified itself by its topical alertness and by the instinct of its panel members for asking precisely the questions we laymen want them to ask. Norman Manley suffered from too many quick-fire questions and not enough, so to speak, from the straighter aimed ones, which were about the Jamaican influx into this country. We saw good humour in his eyes and felt that, more resolutely pinned down, he would have been more forcefully logical and still more entertaining.

'Press Conference' has an integrity which would be enhanced if its producers did not go in fear of even a momentary lull. They would be



The Hon. Norman Manley, Chief Minister of Jamaica, in 'Press Conference' on June 17

wise to establish the question-and-answer process more firmly. In their eagerness to make the best use of their limited time, the panel members often collide verbally with each other and that can be as irritating to us viewers as it sometimes is to the person questioned. Given that polite modification, 'Press Conference' may be seen as one of the few regular programmes which are in no danger of running into tedium. That is a liability which may be coming up for discussion with the arrival of alternative programmes. According to *The New York Times*, it is a subject of earnest investigation in American television, where the term 'sagging ratings' is being applied to a number of once popular programmes and 'stars'.

A programme called 'Now', at the beginning of the week, laid hold of the doctrine that the business of television is with contemporary living (applause from this department). It introduced a Barrymore grand-daughter because she was over here to sing; Bessie Love, a sometime film star, because she has written a book; Betsy Blair, because she is Clara in the film 'Marty'; and Robert Fabian and Bruce Seton, for reasons known to every ardent fan of a recent television series which at no time seemed to me to be highly complimentary to the first named. 'Now' is one more television magazine, but with its sense of immediacy, its production deftness, its smart three-dimensional captions, it might become a valuable asset to a service which is bound to be increasingly responsive to the world around us. Watching it, I thought I saw hovering faintly behind the programme the shadow of Cecil Madden. If it is one of his many chores for television, we may expect to see 'Now' back again. No one is more capable of steering it safely through the shoals of experiment, particularly B.B.C. experiment. The television version of 'In Town Tonight' is another side of his labours. Last Saturday, he could boast of a great *coup* in that programme: Tyrone Power, 'Little Mo', and Hoagy Carmichael, one after the other, just like that. Earlier in the week, he had brought before us the woman survivor of the recent Sahara tragedy, Barbara Duthy.

The experimental mood was too much with us in 'At First Sight', which took as its guiding line a once familiar advertising slogan, 'Every picture tells a story'. Its context, then, was backache. For the duration of this programme it was headaches. As a collector of old glass, I have a memory of goblets swimming up into my consciousness in the course of a confusing quarter of an hour. No other point of recollection remains, save that Christian Simpson was the producer and I wished that he would give us a programme less private in its implications. Like Graham Sutherland, he bestirs himself in a world of complicated visual allusions. It is his wish, assuredly, to deepen our vision of our own world. His methods are too recondite for television. They are not persuasive enough. There was the feeling, when his little programme was done, that the screen would benefit from a spraying by J. B. Priestley's antiseptic common sense.

We are in the wrong time of the year for viewing and one's sense of the proper is repelled.



As seen by the viewer: two shots from 'Disneyland' (the story of Mickey Mouse) on June 17—Mickey in one of the early films, and Pluto the Pup

A wild fox cub from a film by Heinz Sielmann shown in 'Look' on June 14

Photographs: John Curran



Basil Sydney as the Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria, and Frank Windsor as the Crown Prince Rudolph, in 'The Masque of Kings' on June 19

by the thought of masses of people spurning the light of evening for the cathode tube's fluorescent glow. Perhaps they really are not as numerous as we think, though the thought obtrudes that for country dwellers the counter-attractions of a wet evening are limited. As one of them by right of birth for many years, I am much obliged to television for the opportunity to see Heinz Sielmann's film of foxes in Peter Scott's new series called 'Look'. It was fascinating.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Wiener Schnitzel

ON SUNDAY WE HAD—and some had for the second time—Maxwell Anderson's 'The Masque of Kings', a poetical survey of the double death at Mayerling in 1889 which shook the Habsburg throne. The introductory note in *Radio Times* described the author as 'a conscientious toiler' in poetic drama: this is an accurate description, but hardly reassuring, especially if we remember the Shakespearean observation written, perhaps after a charge of being too quick and no scholar,

Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others' books.

It must be admitted that Anderson's iambs moved heavily. (I have not read his text and, if it be written as prose, much of it scans in ten-syllable lines and the language is frequently 'poetese'.)

Anderson centred his play on Prince Rudolph, who was found dead with his mistress, Marie Vetsera, in a hunting-lodge after a political blaze-up. The Prince is seen as a high-intentioned wobbler. Rudolph thought that his father, the Emperor Franz Joseph, was a deplorable tyrant, planned a palace revolution in the name of liberty and democracy, and seemed to win easily. He then realised, as any adult prince should have known, that to confirm his rebellion he would have to shed much blood. So he called off the 'push', which must have been maddening to those who were backing him at the risk of their lives, but the old Emperor treated them all with remarkable clemency. Rudolph, however, and his lady-friend both resolved 'to do the deed which ends all other deeds': result, pistols for two and coffee for none.

The hesitant and humane Rudolph, lacking gall to make oppression bitter, might have been made into a minor Hamlet, but Maxwell Anderson is not sufficiently the poet-playwright to manage that. So the Prince dwindled into a vexatious type of feeble idealist, who first tried to run away from his own brief resolution, and then preferred suicide to a fighting finish. Frank

Windsor did his best for this unattractive man, but it was uphill work. Basil Sydney, as the old Emperor, at once shrewd and gentle, had a much better part and handled it persuasively, pointing his lines with the utmost skill. But the general level of the acting was flat, and Royston Morley's production, with Barry Learoyd's settings, was stronger in picture than in performance. There were some fine long-distance shots of palace life and palace revolution.

Strong, if ineffective, passions are the matter of the play. On the stage they could be strongly played, but, in front of the camera and microphone, the policy demands a muted style and no risk of pulling faces. The policy in this case was so faithfully executed that a dismal flatness resulted. Some of the acting was what is called 'dead-pan': Jane Barrett, as the Prince's mistress, had to dare and suffer much, but she did so with no visual show of feeling.

It is easy to understand how difficult tele-



Scene from 'Madeleine' on June 14, with Rosalie Crutchley in the title role, Carl Jaffe, as Kieffer, and Dennis Edwards (right) as the German captain

vision acting can be in this kind of drama. A 'bold attack' will be censured as 'ham': a quiet approach can sink to dullness. Sometimes we get the happy medium: in 'The Masque of Kings' the emphasis was so much on quietude that I could only feel some relief when the Prince decided that he was unfit to cope with life (and Maxwell Anderson) any longer.

There was plenty of light relief last week, with the clowns showing what antics they could offer in the way of midsummer madness. The 'Ted Ray Show' (Saturday), produced by Bill Ward with a script by the practised hands of Sid Colin, Talbot Rothwell, and George Wadmore, went briskly and pleasantly. The fun with the inwards of a motor-car could trace its ancestry to Harry Tate, but if the descendant be a true heir of the inventor, why grumble? The episode in which Ray was a dear little convict who would be the pride of a Sunday School, with a warder like the best of Good Uncles, was fresh and fantastic fun. I wish, however, that the B.B.C. could devise a better equivalent for the theatre (or music-hall) programme: the names of 'supporting players' are flicked past in a row; how are we to sort them out to make the proper awards?

The Nosey-Parker brother-in-law in the motor-ing sketch and the Good Uncle in the gaol were excellent drolls, but I cannot name them without risking a mistake. Ring up and find out? But does Shepherd's Bush want thousands to ring up and find out? Nor do most viewers naturally want to be bothered: in any case, the lines would be clogged if they did start tinkling *en masse*.

Comedians can either attack us sharply or charm us smoothly. Ted Ray is of the latter kind. He seems to have abandoned the violin essential to his early music-hall victories: now he strokes our affections as he used to stroke the strings. Even when he was playing a sharp note with that intolerable brother-in-law, he was being nasty in the nicest possible way. Yet he never overworks his ingratiating manner: his smile is cleverly kept in hand. He prances cheerfully and endearingly, but is no fawning tail-wagger. Above all, he is an adroit actor as well as an engaging clown and could, I fancy, be very good company in a 'straight' theatrical comedy.

Bernard Braden takes the aggressive line. Friday's example of 'Bath-Night with Braden' began with a sorry trickle of watery humours. Facetiousness about H₂O was very hard pressed. It left me aloof, and if I made a quip in this bath-side manner about feeling a-loofah and a-loofah it would not be much worse than some of the gags projected in this feature. Braden was better as a gum-chewing Death Wall Rider complete with a sardonic drawl and a motor-bicycle. While Ted Ray can turn on sweetness with discretion, Braden can be sour with a good strong jet of acid.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Down to Earth

ONE CAN HARDLY DO MORE, in a brief radio play, than hint at so intricately textured, so solidly veracious, a novel as *Madame Bovary*. Flaubert took six years to write the book, its detail is stippled in with fantastic care. A man who used such pains as these, who would scrupulously observe, feel, and taste in order that we might do likewise, would sigh, I think, to see his plot snatched for a mere dramatic *précis*. With so much omitted, the very buttresses pulled away, one might imagine that the fabric would crumble. It does not because the tale of Emma Bovary, most wretched, most tragic of self-duped 'romantics', can hold us even when the bare outlines are indicated. This version (Home), Benn Levy's from the novel and Gaston Baty's play, is at two removes from Flaubert, but the selection of incident is sensible, and we are less worried than we might have thought by the inevitable simplification. It is, shall we say, a broad hint at the book and the character, and Constance Cummings can add to it.

Her downright study of the woman, the farmer's daughter, doctor's wife, pathetic in her muddled illusion, her flare in the dim world of Yonville, may direct new readers to the novel. 'I adore stories that aren't about everyday people and everyday life', said Emma. She was the kind of woman determined to stand out from the world of everyday, and Miss Cummings suggested this perfectly with an effect almost stereoscopic. Emma, taken remorselessly to her fate, always ready to be told that she was 'stifling among the mediocrities of life', had a singularly horrible death: Miss Cummings did not spare the wrenching agony, the last ordeal of one mocked by reality to the end. Only one other character in this (so to speak) compressed im-

pression of 'Bovary' forced himself from the radio set: Henry Oscar's pedantic little druggist, consequential bore, exactly the man (a pity we could not have heard this) to have designed for himself a grass plot in his garden to represent the star of the cross of the Legion of Honour—which he was never granted.

Inevitably, the other people stay in the background, poor Charles Bovary ('Emma! kitten!'), who says at the Rouen opera ('Lucia di Lammermoor'), 'I'd like to know what's going on, but the music makes such a racket it's hard to follow'; the two lovers, Léon and Rodolphe, and the rest of the entourage. It was a waste to have Margaret Halstan's vehement mother-in-law for only two minutes—the part would clearly have grown—and Daphne Maddox, also, as the maid Félicité could bring up a character in a few words. But 'Bovary' on radio must be Emma. We have to imagine those elaborate pictures of Yonville-L'Abbaye and the infinity of detail with which Flaubert builds it upon the page, as lovingly, anxiously, as later he would rebuild tiered Carthage, the pharos of Megara, the coral-branched roofing of the temple of Melkarth. Norman Wright produced the play with care and effect; it was not his fault that one found it hard to accept the lapse of time, managed so easily in the book.

A modern incarnation of Emma might not have heard much to please her in 'This Desirable Property . . .' (Home), a comedy by A. F. Grey which was indeed tediously down to earth. Its only link, the very thinnest, with 'Bovary' was the exchange, 'My housekeeper, Lucy—' 'Of Lammermoor?'—'No, of Lambeth North'. This brand of dialogue persisted gummily through an anecdote about the ownership of a house, the desirable property of the title. It was all palpably contrived; and we wished that the Dundee Repertory Company had chosen something more in tune with its reputation. Douglas Storm and Christine Russell acted very well indeed as the doctor who would not be conquered and the managing young woman who conquered him; in fact, the new radio voices did their best for an intractable piece.

The second instalment of 'Richard Yea and Nay' (Home) was a gift to the romantics. Wilfrid Grantham has adapted Maurice Hewlett's novel with affection; in any event, a play much less radio-active than this would have been taken along by the tones of Allan Jeayes (that 'wild boar' of a King, Henry II), Valentine Dyall as Richard, and the satin of Leon Quartermaine's narrating Abbot. It is the best kind of radio tapestry; we can wait with pleasure for the rest of its weaving.

What the Huggetts would have said of Richard and Alois and Jehane would be material for a revue sketch. We have been invited to 'Meet the Huggetts' (Light) yet again; Jack Warner and Kathleen Harrison get through their family chores with undeviating loyalty, seizing on the better lines but finding a good front for them all. The script of 'Hancock's Half-Hour' (Light) was brisker, though we may get very tired of jokes about television sets. This set was a mammoth handled by blissful amateurs. 'Did you put the earth in?' asked someone. And the reply was, 'Yes, two bucketsful'. How Madame Bovary would have blanched!

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Facts

LIKE MANY PEOPLE I have a large appetite for facts, but if you asked me what particular kind of facts I treasure most, I should be unable to tell you. I could only turn out the drawers of my memory and offer for your inspection a huge, incongruous jumble which seems to prove

that there is no rhyme or reason in my choice. Evidently I don't insist on usefulness; on the contrary many of the facts I most cherish are completely useless nor do they concern any of my interests and hobbies. Take, for instance, 'Moving London's Millions', a programme in which Sir John Elliot, Chairman of the London Transport Executive, answered questions put to him by three interlocutors for whom the problems of London traffic are of vital concern. A country bumpkin whose visits to London are rare, I regard London traffic as little better than a nightmare, and yet I followed this broadcast with rapt attention. Why? There were contributing causes, of course. It is always a pleasure to hear a speaker answer instantly and clearly every question put to him, as Sir John Elliot did, and to hear questioners who can put their queries succinctly and contribute intelligent views of their own. Consequently I much enjoyed this vigorous, constructive, and cheerful debate with its swarm of fascinating facts and figures, not one of which, it seems as I write this, has secured a niche in my memory.

Again, my imagination was stirred by Dr. Jeffrey Edelman's account in 'Science Survey' of photosynthesis, the process by which green plants use the energy of sunlight to produce leaves, stems, fruit, and so on, a process which today can in part be produced by scientists in test-tubes. The activity of photosynthesis, Dr. Edelman told us, is of a magnitude which far exceeds the total industrial production of the world. Well, it gives a new meaning to the expression 'light industry'. He has a happy knack of making these abstruse matters clear to the common intelligence, and he left me with a heightened wonder at the miracle of Life, a result which for me is more valuable than a grasp of the nature and incidental operations of oxygen and carbon-dioxide, starch and sugar, the latter pair standing in my mind merely as another way of referring to a helping of rice-pudding. That I shall retain little of what Dr. Edelman told me does not affect the permanent stimulus I got from his talk.

On the other hand, the programme on 'Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells' seemed to promise matters up, as they say, my street. Many tit-bits, I believed, would stick in my mind. It was carefully compiled from available sources by Vincent Brome, and the two personages were represented by easily distinguishable voices, though the voice of Shaw was not the voice that I remembered and the Irish a very much richer mixture than the Irish he actually spoke. But that was a minor matter. My trouble was that the encounters of these two superannuated schoolboys (for so they seemed here) made, for me, very tedious listening and I must confess I went to bed twenty minutes before they did.

'Round Britain Quiz', which came back into circulation with a supersonic bang on Wednesday, fairly bristles with facts, facts as skilfully hidden in the questions as treasures in a treasure-hunt. Denis Brogan and Hubert Phillips for London and T. I. Ellis and Wyn Griffith for Wales excelled even themselves; and their respective quiz-masters, Lionel Hale and Gilbert Harding, were each in top form. To hear Hubert Phillips deducing, step by step, or rather jump by jump, a fact of which he is entirely ignorant is one of the best entertainments the B.B.C. provides. On the other hand, he pin-pointed unhesitatingly from a musical recording the final bar of Schubert's 'Unfinished Symphony'; in fact his knowledge, like that of his partner and two opponents, covers a vast and astonishingly miscellaneous field. Another feat, shared by the London pair, was to arrive by a series of co-operative mental processes at the answer to the cryptic question 'What have William Primrose, 18,000 dollars, and ex-Lord Harrington in

common?' The answer—'The Guarnerius viola, once belonging to Lord Harrington, recently bought for 18,000 dollars by the eminent violinist William Primrose'—is one of those exquisitely useless facts that is now permanently lodged in my memory. But am I right about the figure 18,000? I didn't note it down at the time. Among the familiar barn-door fowls of the Light Programme this series, which combine speed and flippancy with a dazzling display of mental agility and solid learning, produces the effect of a Bird of Paradise; not but what the appearance would be equally surprising in the pheasant preserve of the Third Programme.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Liszt and Wagner

A PROGRAMME of Liszt's music conducted by Sir Adrian Boult and a broadcast 'Götterdämmerung' from Covent Garden set before us last week the two major eruptive personalities of nineteenth-century music. It was an interesting contrast. Not long ago, some of the younger minds, tired of Wagner's sumptuous texture and grandiloquent manner, were crying up Liszt at the expense of his son-in-law. And one can readily see that the whole-hearted admirers of the more 'advanced' composer of the last three decades would find Liszt's astringency and hard edges more sympathetic than Wagner's sensuous, velvety tones. They would find, too, in Liszt's highly original harmonic innovations all manner of precedent for the practice of today—in the first 'Mephisto Waltz', for example. Not that 'Götterdämmerung' does not provide comparable instances of harmonic innovation, especially in the music associated with Hagen and Alberich—ground which was to be more fully explored in the third act of 'Parsifal'.

Lately, the pendulum of youthful opinion seems to have swung back towards Wagner again. And it is not difficult, in the light of last week's experience, to see why. In work after work Liszt seizes the hearer's attention at the outset with a striking dramatic gesture, but also in work after work, he fails to hold that attention. He rarely invents a memorable clinching phrase, such as occurs on page after page of Wagner's scores. The Norms' 'Singe Schwester', etc. will serve as illustration of his invention in a comparatively unimportant context, while for important moments there are a thousand examples between Brünnhilde's 'Zu neuen Taten' to her final greeting to the dead Siegfried. One heard nothing quite on that level of inspiration in all the otherwise admirable pages of Liszt's setting of St. Francis' 'Canticum del sol' nor in the more uneven 'Psalm XIII'. The most attractive work in this excellent programme was the 'Hymne de l'enfant à son reveil', which captures the innocence and charm of childhood in a manner comparable with that of Berlioz's 'L'Enfance du Christ'.

This year's performances of 'The Ring' at Covent Garden have been, one or two individual contributions apart, by far the best we have heard since the war, whether from London or Bayreuth. Their excellence was due, in the main, to the conductor, Rudolf Kempe, who managed to achieve a consistent unity and balance between singers and orchestra. Rarely have I heard the relationship between them so satisfactorily maintained. The voices were always firmly supported—as Wagner obviously intended by his dynamic markings which so often indicate a *decrescendo* at the point where a voice enters with a salient phrase—and yet the details of the instrumentation came out with exemplary clarity. The broadcast last week was extremely successful in conveying to us at home the character of the performance; and the off-stage

voices and instruments were properly audible and in focus as distant sounds.

This was certainly a case of the whole being greater than the sum of the parts. For though Margaret Harshaw's Brünnhilde has gained in authority and passionate expression, and Svanholm's Siegfried was as sound as ever, if rather drier of voice, while Rothmüller gave a first-rate performance as that poor fish, Gunther, this was not the occasion of any striking personal triumph on the stage. And some of the performances were below standard, among them Ludwig Hofmann's Hagen. It was not badly sung, but the singer showed no signs of possessing the dark and menacing qualities of voice required for this incarnation of evil—the

projection in human form of the hatred, malice, and ambition of Alberich, who was again well represented by Otakar Kraus. The Norns were good, especially No. 2, and so was the Waltraute; the Rhinemaidens sang less well than in the first 'Rheingold' of the season.

Among other events was a pre-view—or, should I say, 'pre-echo'—of the current week's festival at Aldeburgh. Apart from Humphrey Searle's poetic 'Aubade' for horn and strings, played by Dennis Brain, I cannot say that Walter Gocher's programme with the Aldeburgh Festival Orchestra was a particularly good advertisement of the event. Mr Brain being present, he played a concerto by Haydn, by way of a change from Mozart, which proved

to be a change for the worse. The concert given by the Bournemouth Orchestra in Salisbury Cathedral on Wednesday was more successful, containing an excellent performance of Vaughan Williams' 'Flos campi' with Bernard Shore, whom one was glad to hear in action again, conducted by Douglas Guest, who also gave a good account of Kodály's 'Concerto for Orchestra'. The orchestra's permanent conductor, Charles Groves, directed Brahms' First Symphony, giving an admirably straightforward performance, though he was caught out in the finale, like so many of his colleagues, through not paying scrupulous attention to the composer's tempo-markings.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Church Music under Louis XIV

By WILFRID MELLERS

Religious music of the Versailles School will be broadcast at 8.15 p.m. on June 26 and 8.30 p.m. the following day (Third)

SHARP distinctions between secular and liturgical style in music are hardly valid at any period, for a community's religion colours, as it is coloured by, its mode of living. Yet though, in the sixteenth century, the basis of polyphonic style was the same in both motet and madrigal, one might say that the ecclesiastical dominated the secular manner. In the seventeenth and early eighteenth century, on the other hand, the opera house, rather than the church, had become the centre of society, and opera was at once an entertainment and a ritual designed to celebrate the omnipotence of the king. Again, there is no clear division between secular and liturgical convention, but in this case secular opera is the dominating force. This is not surprising in an autocratic world which, elevating the king to divinity, made God in Man's image.

Perhaps the most influential seventeenth-century composer of church music was Carissimi, who developed two complementary, if apparently opposed, manners. One is a monumental, massive homophony for double choir and orchestra—theatrical in the sense that its architectural majesty is a choric expansion of the ritual of heroic opera. The other is the chamber cantata for solo voices, accompanied by continuo and obbligato instruments—theatrical in the sense that 'sacred history' is told directly in operatic terms. Why not, indeed? For, as the French historian Bonnet pointed out in 1715, ecclesiastical music ought to be more, not less, moving than operatic music proper, in proportion to the relative significance of the theme.

In 1649 Marc-Antoine Charpentier, then a talented youth of fifteen, went to Rome to study painting. He was so impressed by Carissimi's music that he decided to become a composer instead. His own music emulates mainly the intimate aspect of Carissimi's art. Italian lyrical suavity and rhetoric merge into the suppler line of Lullian recitative, which was close to the spoken declamation of French tragedy; Italian chromaticisms and dissonant suspensions acquire, by way of the more flexible independence of the inner parts, a bitter-sweet sensuousness. Charpentier's enthusiasm, and the example of his own passionately elegiac music, contributed not a little to the prodigious esteem enjoyed in France by Carissimi's work.

Lully himself, autocratic god-king among composers, wrote a few beautiful motets in this soloistic style, but was more attracted to Carissimi's monumental manner. His large-scale church works were designed, like his operas, as state ritual; yet they shed a somewhat unexpected light on Lully and his world. The 'Miserere'

of 1664 uses traditional counterpoint almost entirely for its harmonic effect. The dignified flow of the lines creates, by means of continuous suspensions and false relations, a highly dissonant texture: so that for all its civilised grandeur the piece sounds like a cry of terror—an admission that there may be realms of experience beyond the reach of a monarch who was the embodiment of God on earth.

In the middle years of his career Lully seems to have felt that this kind of weakness could not be tolerated. In the 'Te Deum' of 1677 he abandoned the dissonant polyphony of the 'Miserere' and wrote a straightforward paean of praise to worldly glory, exploiting dance rhythm and diatonic harmony in balanced periods, scored for antiphonal choruses and brilliantly contrasted orchestral groups. The work is superb, in the strict sense, but no more than the church music of Carissimi (or Handel) is it religious. In his late church music, as in his last operas, Lully effected a compromise between the state ceremonial of the 'Te Deum' and the emotional violence of the 'Miserere'. The 'De Profundis' and 'Dies Irae' of 1683 have the ritualistic splendour of a funeral oration of Bossuet and remind us that this ostensibly hedonistic age was also one of the great periods of Christian mysticism. Perhaps it was no accident that a vision of the Day of Judgement provoked Lully's noblest music.

Lully was not, however, by temperament a religious composer. Michel de La Lande was: and this is not unconnected with the fact that he was born twenty-five years later than Lully. By the time he grew up, *La Gloire* was in decline. Defeat succeeded victory; and the mutability of human fortunes, allied to the influence of Mme. de Maintenon, induced in Louis XIV a temper more melancholy—and more susceptible to spiritual experience. The acuteness of the King's taste is reflected in his choice of La Lande as court composer and friend: for La Lande's music has all Lully's grandeur, and is at the same time instinct with a religious awe such as Lully approached once only.

In the overture to La Lande's 'De Profundis', for instance, the majesty of the broad clauses and arching phrases is threatened by the dissonance of the moving inner parts, as it is in Lully's 'Miserere'; but the tension between harmony and contrapuntal growth is far more powerful, so that the work acquires, as it develops, a cumulative momentum. This tragic, Racinian quality is not dissipated by the final chorus, in which harmonic tension and rhythmic obsession are resolved into 'Handelian' diatonic triumph. La Lande's rejoicing

seems the more authentically moving because he knows how narrow is the borderline between civilisation and chaos.

The sensitive response to human feeling, within the ceremonial gestures, gives to the solo sections of La Lande's church works an expressive tenderness; Italian aria here comes to terms with the delicacy of the French *air de cour*, in which ornamentation becomes a means of emotional nuance. The church music of Couperin le Grand, composed during the last sad years of Louis' reign, has a comparable quality. All his ecclesiastical pieces follow Charpentier rather than the monumental Lully. Yet the radiant 'Motet pour le Jour de Pâques' or the 'Motet de Ste. Suzanne' imbue Italian brilliance with a spring-like innocence, while his last liturgical works, the 'Leçons des Ténèbres', give to the linear subtlety of French vocal style and to the rich pathos of Italian harmony a tragic nobility no less grand than La Lande's, and perhaps still more spiritually intense.

The Grand Manner disappeared with La Lande's generation; even among his contemporaries, Nicolas Bernier (1664-1734) was one of the few composers who approached La Lande's combination of operatic passion with contrapuntal gravity. The younger men had more in common with Couperin's elegant grace; and Campa's warm, meridional talent created in solo motets a virginal, dance-infected gaiety or tenderness comparable with Couperin's earlier, Italianate works. No composer, however, approached the strange, personal poignancy which Couperin attains in the supple arabesques and melting suspensions of his 'Leçons des Ténèbres', which were significantly written in the year in which Louis died. During the Regency, Couperin composed no more church music, confining himself to keyboard music and the instrumental *concert*. Campa, too, deserted the church for the more relaxed delights of the theatrical *divertissement*. Neither religion nor operatic state ritual, but drama of a more subjective and revolutionary order, was to be the impetus behind the world emerging in the second half of the eighteenth century. For La Lande, church music was the essence of his activity. For Couperin, it was at least as important as any other branch of his work. But for Rameau it was an irksome duty, to be relinquished as soon as material circumstances permitted.

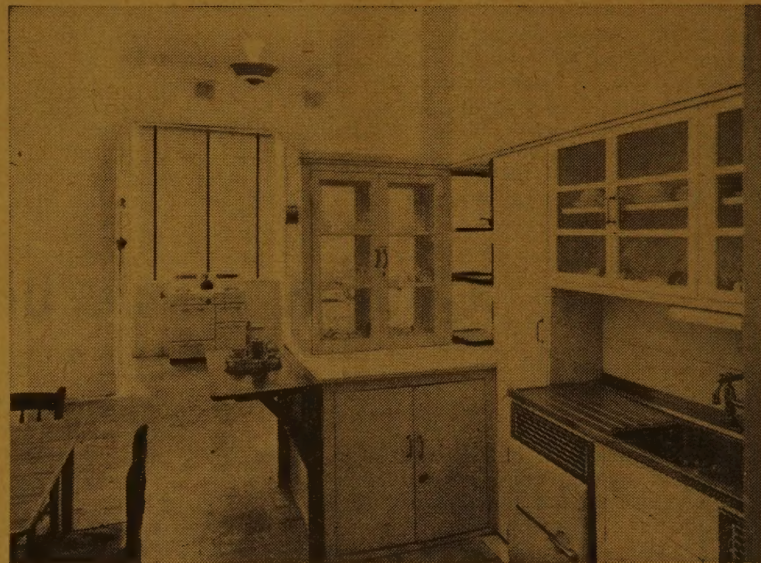
The Story of the Proms, an illustrated booklet with an introduction by Sir Malcolm Sargent, has been published by the B.B.C. price 2s. 6d. It contains a number of short articles about the Proms and has as an appendix a list of works first performed at the Proms during the period 1895-1938.

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For the Housewife

Fluorescent Lighting at Home

By RICHARD FREETH

I HAVE had fluorescent lighting ever since it was first available in 1940. I liked it then, in its early days, and I like it even better now, for it has been improved amazingly.

The good things about tubular fluorescent lamps are that they are more efficient, that is to say they give far more light than filament lamps for the current they consume. They last much longer and, because of their much larger luminous area, they give a soft, diffuse light that it is difficult to get in any other way. Their disadvantages are that they have to have a certain amount of control gear, although this is usually embodied in the fittings and need not bother you in the least, and they are more expensive to buy than filament lamps. But when you reckon up the current they save and the time the lamps last, I think they are well worth it. So if you can afford to introduce some fluorescent lighting into your home, it is well worth considering.

Today there are a number of different colours of fluorescent lamps, and although most of the so-called white ones look very much alike before they are switched on, the effect of their light on the colours surrounding them varies a great deal. Some of their names are rather clumsy, but I will give them to you just the same. They are 'daylight' and 'new warm white', suitable mainly for industry; 'natural', a good general-purpose lamp; 'colour-matching', this is my personal favourite because if you have enough of it, it really is like sunlight; and, finally, 'de luxe warm white', which has been made especially for people who like the familiar, friendly light of filament lamps, and it is so very nearly the same that I think

you would have difficulty in telling them apart.

Each one of these lamps has a different effect on colours, which may not look the same as by daylight. There is nothing new in this; filament lighting does it, too, but whereas most of us have got used to the single difference between filament lamps and daylight, we now have to realise that each fluorescent lamp has a 'different' difference. Generally speaking, I would use the 'colour-matching' lamp in the kitchen and the 'de luxe warm white' everywhere else, but if you think you might prefer some of the others, I would take patterns of the colours of the rooms in which the lamps are going to be used to someone who stocks the whole range, and see which shows them off best.

Where you are likely to get a direct view of the lamp, do please put it in a fitting of some kind, as, unshielded, it can be glaring. In most kitchens I would use two four-foot, forty-Watt lamps, mounting one of them parallel with and immediately above the front edge of the sink. In other rooms, I like them best for background lighting, that is to say under curtain pelmets or concealed behind some open-topped pelmet arrangement at about picture-rail height, or lower. This would be good above a sofa, against a wall, or for bed-head lighting.

Do not forget that you can always mix filament and fluorescent lighting, whatever the colour of the lamps you use. In fact, if I were to be asked for a general rule, I would say use fluorescent lamps for the background and filament lamps in portable fittings or set into the ceiling for those places where you want an extra 'punch' in the light.

There are some people who say that fluorescent lamps give too much light. This is really nonsense. Our eyes were designed by nature to work best under the very high lighting values of daylight, and the nearer we can get to daylight conditions the better it is for our eyes. Then there are those who talk about harmful ultra-violet radiations from fluorescent lamps. A fluorescent lamp in normal use has only about one-hundred-and-fiftieth of the ultra-violet strength of sunlight, and this can produce no detectable biological effect whatever. And if you still feel that there may be something in it that is harmful to the eyes, may I point out that many of the leading eye hospitals use fluorescent lighting because they are convinced that it is good.—'Woman's Hour'

Notes on Contributors

ANDREW SHONFIELD (page 1099): foreign editor of the *Financial Times*

GEORGE PENDLE (page 1101) a business man who has travelled widely in South America; author of *Uruguay, South America's First Welfare State*, and *Paraguay: A Riverside Nation*

VERNON BARTLETT (page 1102): author and expert on foreign affairs, who now lives and works in Singapore

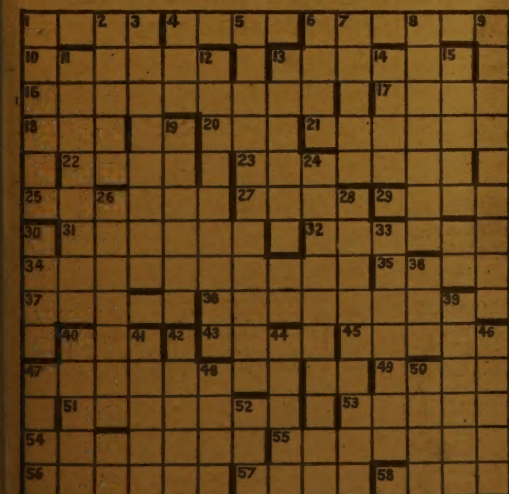
BERTRAM HENSON (page 1105) barrister, no longer in practice; playwright, author of 'The Scion', 'Little Tzar', etc.

MICHAEL JAFFÉ (page 1122): Fellow of King's College, Cambridge

Crossword No. 1,312.

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, June 30. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

The Gamut.

By Babs

The unclued lights (whose initial and final letters comprise the alphabet from A to Z) are the names of thirteen people in the same walk of life. The twenty-nine unchecked letters can be arranged to spell the phrase: 'All were related in similar beauty'.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. A bit of a retort from the rostrum or the bench (4).
4. The Muses haven't a date for the mole (4). 6. Anti-4D (6). 10. What if I meet an anthropoid ape back to front? I wouldn't know (6). 13. Thick stuff, N.B. (6). 17. What if he turns back? The answer's a lemon, and he doesn't need the detectives to tell him that (4). 18. 27A, Shakespearean, and that's the end of it (3). 20. He used to visit the Zoo on Sunday mornings (3). 21. Slip away quietly; father will be back in else (6). 22. End with me and start with an inverted reputation (4). 25. Dead bird mentioned in dead letter from Pago-Pago (6). 27. Produce (on spec?) (4). 29. Court records, or 'The Roman Gazette' (4). 31. It looks blue, but when the editor swallows the rubber, it's quite the reverse (6). 32. Reply about the junction when you sign up again (6). 34. Rare honour capably symbolised in the action (or in the impulse) (10). 35. There's a plot afoot; are you going to take it lying down? (4). 37. 8D fibre (5). 40. With mother on the brain, arrowroot is the natural outcome (3). 45. 27A, familiarly, and it's a swindle (4). 46. Greek Army division (mechanised?) (5). 47. We need a vet. Bring one in order to see what makes the horse lame (8). 49. Where lies the Conqueror? (4). 53. He is distinctive in his ovine growth of hair (5). 54. Hag-taper; Adam's flannel, shepherd's club (7). 55. Comparatively seedy (more like Richard?) (7). 56. Flags. (If in doubt, play trumps) (6). 57. Back the C.I.D. And why? It's chancy, to use a common expression (4). 58. Flat refusal, that's the usual line (4).

DOWN

1. Men, women, and children (6). 2. An opening on a final sweet-sop (5). 3. Hang it up! Roll it down! It's a

picture! (8). 4. Does he get paid for his support? (3). 5. He lived and wrote in the late XVIth century (11). 6. One might eat here without losing face (4). 7. I hate Latin and the French give me a dancing spirit (5). 8. Thanks to a Member of Parliament I have company in the Mexican port (7). 9. Mother's in dire need, but will finish the dance after all (9). 14. Start with me and end with an ignoble moderation (4). 19. Sounds the sort of wine to pick a quarrel over (6). 24. 'See this wet, see this dry'. That's the sort of tendency (10). 28. Recalcitrancy (9). 30. Eponymous Handelian hero sounds as if he had a good hand (4). 40. Thirty-love? It's on the cards (5). 41. Age about 49, but pretty active (5). 42. Better at seamanship? (5). 46. An audible blow, designed to keep brave men under (5). 47. Pride's leavings (4). 48. Her life in song was full of regrets (4). 50. The money-changer wants his commission, and even with a little advertising first, it's a slow business (4). 52. Most appropriately here, 1A is one, 47D the other (3).

Solution of No. 1,310

A	B	a	C	b	
7	2	7	6	2	
D	c	E	d	F	e
4	0	1	6	8	
	G	f	H	g	
8	3	8	2	2	
I	h	J	i	3	j
1	1	3	3	2	
K	L	4	M	5	4
9	1	4	5	4	

NOTES

The triangles were calculated from the formulae $AC=4pq$, $AD=p^2+2q^2$, $CD=p^2-2q^2$. It can then be shown that $AB=2AD$, and $BC=AE=2CD$.

The above formulae yield triangles with small sides, but are not general.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: A. R. Davidson (Kilmarnock); 2nd prize: D. Kirby (London, N.19); 3rd prize: H. G. Elcock (Luton)

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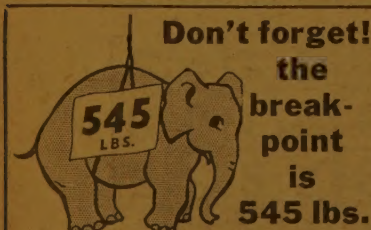


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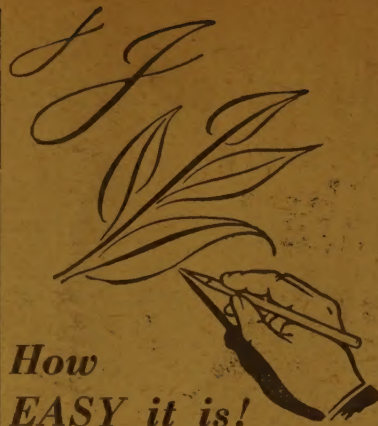
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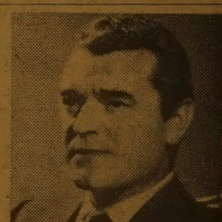
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